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TWILIGHT DREAMS.

THEY come in the quiet twilight hour,
When the weary day is done,
And the quick light leaps from the glowing
heaps
Of wood, on the warm hearth-stone.

When the household sounds have died away,
And the rooms are silent all,
Save the clock's brief tick, and the sudden
click
Of the embers as they fall ;

They come, those dreams of the twilight hour,
To me, with their noiseless tread,
A tearful band, by the guiding hand
Of a grave-eyed spirit led.

There is no voice within the hall,
No footstep on the floor,
The children's laughter is hushed, there is
No hand at the parlour door.

Like fingers tapping eagerly
Against the shuttered frame,
Where the trailing rose its long branch throws,
Beat the great drops of rain.

But my heart heeds not the rustling leaves,
Nor the 'rain-fall's fitful beat,'
Nor the wind's low sigh, as it hurries by
On its pauseless path and fleet ;

For now in the dusk, they gather round,
The visions of the past,
Arising slow, in the dim red glow,
By the burning pine-brands cast.

My brow is calmed as with the touch
Of an angel's passing wing ;
They breathe no word, yet my soul is stirred
By the messages they bring.

Some in their grasp impalpable,
Bear Eden-cultured flowers,
That sprang in gloom, from the tear-bathed
tomb
Of hope's long-buried hours.

Some from the fount of memory,
Lasting, and pure, and deep,
Bring waters clear, though many a year
Hath saddened their first fresh sweep ;

And some in their hands of shadow bear,
From the shrine of prayerful thought,
A fragrance blest, to the stricken breast,
With balm and healing fraught.

The night wears on, the hearth burns low,
The dreams have passed away ;
But heart and brow are strengthened now
For the toil of coming day.

Chambers' Journal.

EARLY SPRING.

Now Nature wakes from out her wintry trance,
Rejoiced that Winter's gone, and Spring's
at hand —
Fair, blue-eyed Spring, who, with a proud ad-
vance,
Hath marched into the land.

Strangely the sky hath softened, like the eyes
Of some coy maiden just begun to love ;
The woods are starred with flow'rets, as the
skies
Are starred at nights above.

There drifts of lilies mimic winter's snows,
'Neath branches late by wild winds bent and
riven ;
And the shy hyacinth that earliest blows
Brings down the blue of heaven !

Each morn gives birth to fresh life-giving airs ;
And lightly, blithely throb through every-
thing
All vernal impulses, all vernal stirs,
The spirit which is Spring.

Chambers' Journal.

SWEET MARJORAM.

God's garden — where tall lilies grow,
Silver, and golden, and sweet,
Where crimson roses only blow
To shed their bloom at His feet ;
Purple pansies, with hearts of fire,
Violets bathed in their own perfume :
Amid the rainbow tangle of flowers
Can a little herb find room ?

God's garden — where the thrushes sing
Ere Spring has yet begun,
Where larks with dew upon the wing
Rise warbling to the sun,
Nightingales chant as day grows dim,
Gaily glistens the humming-bird :
Through the choral notes of that great hymn
Can a little wren be heard ?

Herbs will sweeten the bleak hillside
Where flowers can never grow ;
Through winter frosts the wren will bide,
And sing above the snow ;
And God accepts with tender love
Their service true and sweet :
Can nightingales or roses give
An offering more complete ?

Sunday Magazine.

C. BROOKE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

LORD STANHOPE AND THE HISTORIANS
OF QUEEN ANNE'S REIGN.

WHY is it that the reign of Queen Anne is so attractive both to the writer and the reader of history? There are many reasons for this, as we shall presently see; but there is a common cause that gives strength and unity to them all. It is the earliest historical epoch that blends in with our own time, and presents us with historical glories of heroism, genius, and statesmanship, belonging, as it were, to our own age, and stirring us as the history that passes around us, with the freshness and impulse of that present, wherein our countrymen, our friends, and kindred — ourselves perhaps — are participants.

The period belongs to that eighteenth century, remembered by the old among us in our youth, and crowded with memorials of grand historical events still recent and fresh. But it is not in sound alone that Queen Anne's reign has its place in the histories that have in them more of the present than the past. If we go back fifteen years from the accession of Queen Anne, and get behind the Revolution, we are in a history that seems to carry us further away from Queen Anne's reign than Queen Anne's reign is from Queen Victoria's. The Reformation, the great Civil War, the Protectorate, the Restoration, and the Revolution, had not yet finished the work that was to be done by successive convulsions, each shaking society to pieces before it could readjust itself after the latest shattering. But in Queen Anne's day all had settled down into the order that still exists. In politics, in literature, in social life, we are all at home, as it were, and among our own people. If the political life were uneventful, the literature debased, the social life vapid, there might be little in the epoch to interest or attract us. But all its attributes are stamped with grandeur and energy. It is full of rapid action, of powerful sensations, and of great events. And it is when these are not viewed through the apathetic influence of remoteness, as the deeds of a past and indistinctly-chron-

icled age, or of a distant people, with natures and customs unkindred to our own, but as the affairs of our own time and our own land, that there is present so large a fund of interest to welcome the history of them.

The affluence of this historical region cannot, we apprehend, be contemplated without envy by authors whose lot it is to labour in more arid districts; those, for instance, where they have to gather their materials through the sort of quarrying process termed archæology. "Nations as well as men arrive at maturity by degrees; and the events which happen during their infancy or early youth cannot be recollected, and deserve not to be remembered." So spake Principal Robertson when he gracefully gave the whole affair the go-by as "dark and fabulous;" just as your prosperous gentleman evades participation in the lot of those who have to struggle with hard work and poverty. There is, indeed, in the arider regions of historical investigation, something strikingly akin to the struggles of genteel poverty striving to hide the baser elements of its lot. In the endeavour to cope with the richer neighbour, every little trifle that is not doomed to perpetual sordid use is marshalled and displayed. Whatever has glitter or form or cost about it is posed to catch the eye, like poor Caleb Balderstone's tin flagon. And yet when all is done there is a hardness and thinness visible to every spectator, and a pity is inspired by the palpably meagre effect of all the sedulous efforts to accomplish by diligence and cunning what wealth alone can realize.

Such being the doom of historical poverty to those who grope into the "dark and fabulous," if it be in their destinies to reach such a period as Britain in the first fifteen years of the eighteenth century, they are to be congratulated as those who have emerged from poverty to the sudden acquisition of great riches. So great is the affluence of this historical reign, that it gives to all comers with an open hand. There is no occasion for jostling — each workman may separately reap a plentiful harvest. There is room

and opportunity for the stately historic march of a Gibbon or a Macaulay. But there is abundant material, also, for the accomplished minute criticism and exposition of a Benjamin Disraeli or a Thackeray. Hence many historians have handled the period in many and various ways, so that there is no occasion for those invidious comparisons that cannot be helped when one author does over again the work that has been done by another, or undertakes that which some master-hand has not lived to finish. There are many thoroughly meritorious histories of Queen Anne's reign, and the latest — Lord Stanhope's — is the best of all. It has features and merits that separate it as completely from the others, as if it dealt with regions on the opposite side of the globe. While theirs is either the lamp-odoured work of the recluse or the passionate outcry of the political gladiator of the age, his is the estimate of a statesman and patrician of our own days, who, practised in State affairs and the ways of the Court, can with an easy grace take the estimate of like affairs passing in another age.

Setting down Lord Stanhope's book, and taking up another of a different order of merit — Alison's "Life of Marlborough" — we have a consciousness of the breadth and fertility of this historical field. The historian of the great war of later times was tempted away from his own chosen ground by what had ever a fascination for him — the career of a great man doing great deeds; and he followed up this career in the brilliant flowing style that came so naturally to his pen, and harmonized so well with the mighty and stirring stories he loved to tell.

It is true that in the Court itself the materials that make the great picturesque epochs of our history do not come up, or rather do not appear in their usual garb and decorations. We have not, as in Mary Tudor, a grim she-bigot unconsciously feeding the flames of fanaticism to the perpetration of cruelties and slaughters that carry terror and depression over the whole land. Nor have we one like her sister, with wayward strength of will, in her wild caprices tor-

turing wise statesmen, and driving them to their wits' end, till they are made her accomplices in the death of that rival whose career she followed with hatred and envyings, broken in upon by lurid glances of no less fatal sympathy with her struggles as a royal sister. Nor is Queen Anne in any way like to that royal sister her ancestress; nor can we even imagine the good queen, under any possible conditions, affording us a like romance of passion, turbulence, and crime.

But we have in that period a thoroughly picturesque self-made queen in Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough. Behold her as she blooms in the canvas of Kneller. After the hard features of warriors and statesmen — after even the worldly and anxious features of Court beauties — here is simple nature at last, as if we had alighted on it at a cottage-door — a veritable Phœbe Mayflower, with nature's bloom upon her cheeks, beautiful in her simplicity. It cannot but cross the gazer's thoughts to ask if this can be she who ruled a sovereign with an iron will, until her despotism, becoming intolerable to its good-natured victim, was at last cast off with a revulsion that shook Europe through and through. Here is the face of the only living being that could affect with fear the heart of the great conquering duke. In him it was the fear that should rather be called timidity — the timidity of a deep affection that is ever apprehending possibilities of change or calamity. But on others she cast real practical terror in her power and its vindictive use; and when material power had passed away, in the poisoned shafts of a piercing and envenomed wit. Again, can this be old Sarah, who, along in her grandeur and wealth, greedy and grasping, adding field unto field, burying herself in bonds, bills, and debentures, could cast a scornful gift of ten thousand pounds at the Boanerges of St. Stephen's, to encourage him in his fierce philippics against her great political foe? Remembering all these things, a change seems to have swept over those lines of innocence and beauty. It is somewhat as in the old romances, when insensibly the angel form resolves itself into the demon's. Under

the blooming cheeks, and rosy lips, and full lively eyes, we seem to trace the latent lines of hardness and fierceness that strengthened themselves into the character of the great Sarah.

And then how grand is the historical figure that comes forth to us in her husband, the Conquering Duke! In no one else — not even in George Washington — have we so grand a combination of the most valuable qualities in the man of action, — the heroic soldier, the consummate tactician, the imperturbable and sagacious diplomatist, the wise, firm, and liberal home statesman. In no great commander do we find so much of duty and so little of self. His career is a great lesson, wherein statesmen should learn how to suppress that diseased element in every public service that looks to the claims of the man rather than those of the country. It is in military office, where it is the most dangerous, that this diseased source of action is the rifest. Over and over again has the claims of this man or that man to promotion or command weighed against the risk of a defeated project and the loss of many human lives. There was none of this in Marlborough. He took ever the place assigned to him. When Dutch deputies were selfish and unreasonable, and he might put them to shame or paralyze them by some great blow dealt against their consent, he would not peril the common cause to enhance the lustre of his own military renown. He gave way with graceful alacrity to all humours and ambitions and interests, without a thought for himself, if it seemed conducive ultimately to the success of the great interests at stake that he should give way. There is a pleasant Castor-and-Pollux conception about his co-operation with Prince Eugene — two men, each an independent commander-in-chief, yet both working together through a long succession of great warlike operations in perfect harmony, without a single interruption. No doubt Eugene was a great man among commanders generally; but he was far below the level of his colleague. It suited his great companion's policy, however, that they should be counted in all things as equals. One less

endowed with a high sense of duty would have either bowed the young prince down to his place as a subordinate, or would have driven him from his command, to be replaced by some tried soldier of lower birth who would fall naturally into his place. But Marlborough accepted him in the high place due, if he could hold it, to his birth and nationality, and trained and helped him to the performance of brilliant achievements.

Marlborough had an abundant store of the minor social virtues. He was humane, not only in the negative sense of abstinence from infliction, but in the positive sense of investing labour and thought and self-sacrifice in the prevention or mitigation of human suffering. He was socially tolerant and polite abroad, and an affectionate husband and father at home. He was peaceful and unfastidious as a public citizen. He bore without a murmur the sudden check upon his grand career. He had his step firmly placed on French soil, and inevitably he would have marched onwards and dictated to Louis the Grand in Paris. What history would have been had the events of 1815 and 1870 been thus forestalled we can but guess; but it is a great thing, in taking the incidents that enable us to take the measure of a man's character and capacity, to know how nearly it had been done, and how benignly the great hero obeyed the order to halt and return.

And yet we find all this grandeur and beauty of character stained with foul reproaches — reproaches of falsehood, of treachery, and of greed developing itself in absolute acts of peculation. Surely no human character that ever crossed the stage of life has stronger claim for full and close examination, both of its virtues and its defects. There never was a stronger claim on the renowned maxim — "Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice." For any of the allowances and palliations conceded to the weaknesses of genius there is no room here. The strong commanding nature of Marlborough's practical genius neither invites nor deserves palliation. His strength did not run in the wild wayward currents that drifted natures like that of

Charles XII. or of Nelson to success or ruin.

But if the examination of such a character should be rigid and remorseless, it should be made in measurements according to the dimension of the character. The servant in plush should be honest and faithful, and so should the right honourable servant of the Crown, who works as a Cabinet minister; but we measure the honesty and fidelity of the two with separate scales. For Marlborough, we require to take a rule of measurement far beyond that of even an ordinary Minister of the Crown. He was one of the great powers of Europe, guided by the influences rather of a sovereign than of a sovereign's servant. It was an age when high command was almost exclusively the prerogative of royal persons. The organization of armies was adjusted so as jealously to exclude from the command of large forces men who had not been trained to the accomplishment of command, as apart from the mere routine of field duty. But, among the fighting German States, it was only the members of royal houses that had the opportunity of imbibing this high class of military education. Yet here was the son of an English gentleman stepping into supreme command over all of them with the easy grace of one born in the purple. He had members of reigning houses under him in subordinate command—such as Prince Louis of Baden and the Prince of Holstein. The jealous Dutch deputies solemnly conceded in their communications with him the etiquettes due to a sovereign. He called on that madcap Charles XII., as one friend on another, patted him on the back, and drew him off from some of the wildest and most dangerous of his eccentricities. Then Marlborough became himself a sovereign prince. He was invested with the principality of Mindelheim on the Danube near that town of Hochstadt where he gained his crowning victory. He bore upon his coat-armorial the double-headed eagle of the sovereign princes of the Holy Roman Empire. When baffled in his design to march on Paris, there might have opened to him such a career as that followed by Wallenstein; but his nature soared above all such projects of wayward and mischievous ambition.

These few remarks go only to the point, not that his character should be spared in the examination of his conduct because of his greatness, but that it should be tested by other measures than

those applicable to the ordinary run of respectabilities and disrespectabilities. To the adept in geological, and mineralogical, and chemical science, the mammoth and the encrinite must both be examined with an equal devotion to abstract truth; yet the phenomena of the two will be found at distant extremes of animal nature. So of the basaltic crystallizations of the Giant's Causeway, and the specimens of fluor-spar or crystallized agates in the mineralogist's cabinet. It is the misfortune of history that there are disturbing elements in such inquiries; and the greater the historical nature to be examined, the more powerful are the distorting influences. This is not the place where an attempt can be made to bring the whole question of Marlborough's character and conduct to what in parliamentary and diplomatic language is called "a satisfactory conclusion." There would be far too much elaborate establishment of matter of fact, and of close criticism in its tenor when it is established, to be accomplished in a casual paper.

We can but look on his character and career from without, saying a word on the qualities of grandeur and beauty that adorn them; and perhaps these can hardly be better felt than in reading the not enthusiastic estimate of him by two men who knew him—both great men—both unlike to him, and unlike to each other. The one of these was Bolingbroke, who said of him: "He was the soul of the Grand Alliance against the French. Although *un homme nouveau*—a private individual—a subject—he acquired by his talent and activity a greater influence in public affairs than his high birth, established authority, and the crown of England, had procured for the Prince of Orange. Not only were all the parts of that great machine preserved by him more entire, and in a state of more complete union, but he, in a manner, animated the whole, and communicated to it a more rapid and better sustained movement. To the protracted and often disastrous campaigns which had taken place under the Prince of Orange, succeeded warlike scenes full of action; and all those in which he himself had the direction were crowned with the most brilliant success. He showed himself at once the greatest general and the most skilful minister of his time."

This is the saying of a statesman, his rival and enemy. The other is from a statesman too; but he speaks in the

other character, more esteemed by himself, of a master of the ceremonies. If a philosopher were said to be a good dancer, we would take a dancing-master's certificate on the point; so in the case of good riding, we would a huntsman's or a jockey's, as the case might be. So also, in the question of a man's possession of "the graces," we are safe in the hands of Chesterfield. Of Marlborough he said: "The Graces protected and promoted him." "His manner was irresistible." "It was by this engaging graceful manner that he was enabled during all the war to connect the various and jarring powers of the Grand Alliance, and to carry them on to the main object of the war, notwithstanding their private and separate views, jealousies, and wrong-headedness. Whatever Court he went to — and he was often obliged to go to restive and refractory ones — he brought them into his measure. The Pensionary Heinsius, who governed the United Provinces for forty years, was absolutely governed by him. He was always cool, and nobody ever observed the least variation in his countenance. He could refuse more easily than others could grant; and those who went from him the most dissatisfied as to the substance of their business, were yet charmed by his manner, and as it were comforted by it."*

When his victorious career was suddenly stopped, and the Treaty of Utrecht carried, there was much lamentation on the one side, and but little exultation on the other, since it was not a creditable story to boast about that a waiting maid had done it. And yet when we look back to it at this time, it is difficult to say that the treaty was a permanent calamity to Britain. We do not deal much in abstract glory, not deeming it a valuable commodity unless it is the companion of duty and public benefit. Even a successful march to Paris might have brought more perplexity than permanent benefit to the British empire. The leaving the Bourbons on the throne of Spain, if a calamity, was not a measurable calamity: the country, if it might have had better, might have had worse governors; and in any case, the character of the governors it was to have could not be so weighed and anticipated that the one could be pronounced so much more valuable than the other as to justify a bloody war. Before the treaty, Marlborough had already done the real work whence Europe prof-

ited. It was to drive the demon of conquest and supremacy out of Louis XIV. and his successors on the throne of France, by showing that the power which seemed to aim at a new universal empire was assailable and subduable.

This was a service felt less by Britain than by Germany and the minor States of the Continent. At home, Marlborough's victorious career conferred on his country a blessing of another and a less dubious or questionable kind. Without it the union of England and Scotland might not have been effected; and the supposition of what might have been to both countries had the reign of Queen Anne passed without the accomplishment of that healing measure, opens up one of the most dreary and desperate visitas ever realized by those historical speculators who deal in the conditions that might have been but were not. Such speculations may be ridiculed as vain and useless; but we cannot estimate the public services of great men without some indulgence in them. It is impossible to look at the history of Europe for the year from 1815 downwards, without thinking of what it might have been had the battle of Waterloo been the reverse of what it was; and we cannot estimate Marlborough's services to Britain without a consideration of what the empire would have been without the Union of 1707. His sagacity saw at once the historical conditions that must madden the Scots against their neighbors if both continued separate nations under one sovereign. That sovereign would live in the stronger nation: his advisers would be there; and when their advice was offensive to the nation poor and distant, they would tell him to use the power of the greater nation to bring the other to reason. With the heir of the house of Stewart at the Court of France, where his title was solemnly acknowledged — with Scotland outraged and hostile after the affair of Darien — with a declaration by Scotland that no occupant of the throne of England should rule her while her wrongs were unredressed — with an army gathered on each side of the Border, — nothing almost can be more certainly predicted as the effect of sufficient causes than that Louis XIV. would have defeated the project of Union had his hands not been full of desperate work at home. How vital the crisis was, and how narrow the escape, is shown in the simple fact, that when a turn in the war in Spain released a part of the French force in the

* Passages cited in Alison's Life, i. 88, 89.

year after the Union, it was sent on an expedition to Scotland—a hopeless expedition, since, under the good star of the fortunes of the British empire, it was a few months too late for mischief that might have been irretrievable.

While we see in the career of Louis XIV. a signal instance of what a monarch could do in handling the destinies of a nation, we see in the Britain of Queen Anne's reign how strong and firm the institutions were, and how independent of personal influence. Queen Anne's reign was signally eventful throughout; it was eventful in the Court, in the senate, and in the field. And yet the sovereign who seemed to direct all was a stupid woman. It happened also that she was an obstinate woman. She was flighty and capricious, and when her caprice got into a groove, she held on to it with a stubbornness that had a strong likeness to firmness. The effects of these two qualities can scarcely be said to have been calamitous, but they were remarkable. They set at work the powers of signally able and ambitious men; but with all their ability and ambition these men had not power enough to disturb the constitution of the country. If a change of favour among waiting-maids produced a revolution in the country, it was but in the form of substituting one able set of servants of the Crown for another. There was nothing dear to the constitution either usurped or lost in the topsy-turvy. Her defects had a curious capacity for opening into brilliant and beneficent results. She was a bigot; but her bigotry attached itself to an unbigoted religion, which did not furnish her with the means of doing mischief by persecution or intolerance. Her bigotry, indeed, to the Church of England, was the salvation of the Parliamentary and Protestant settlement. She dearly loved legitimacy. She had a natural affection for the brother who was driven forth; but when the temptation to act on these amiable feelings came upon her, the Church of England stepped between them and a counter-revolution.

There was surely a signal wealth of gifted minds at hand, when the caprices of a Court, influenced as they were by paltry and degrading incidents, called up on either hand two such potent spirits as Marlborough and Bolingbroke. The name of Marlborough's kinsman, Sidney Godolphin, does not fill the ear of fame so full as these; but he was a very great statesman. His strength lay in domestic affairs—internal government—and

there he took his post. His portrait by Houbraken is not attractive, and does not justly render his character. It has a certain air of stupid corporate pomposity, heightened by the presence of the treasurer's staff of office held in solemn ceremonial. His statesmanship reached the elevation of real genius. The union with Scotland may justly be celebrated as his achievement; for no one, on his side of the Tweed at least, did so much to forecast its character and press it forward to completeness. While his kinsman kept guard outside, he carried through the business within rapidly and effectively. It seemed a question between them how rapidly the one could get through his momentous work, and how long the other could hold out and guard him from molestation. The Commissioners assembled in the old Cockpit were set to work that eminently required to be conducted in peace and serenity. The nicest calculations of money matters, and their incidence on the two nations, and on the separate interests in either, were too apt to be toned by prejudices and national animosities, and it was critically necessary to exclude all further exciting influences.

There was wonderful adroitness in the pecuniary adjustment of extremely complicated international claims. England was a rich country with a heavy debt—Scotland was poor, but comparatively unencumbered. Could Scotland be fairly asked to bear a share in the other's burden? No; it was otherwise arranged. The debt had been increased in wars to protect the commerce of England, and the colonial interests, whence Scotland was sedulously excluded. For the future Scotland must take her share in the taxation for these purposes; but in as far as that taxation was for the payment of debt, she should receive compensation in hard cash, and did receive it. Accounts being thus settled down to the year 1707, if Scotland, participating in the trading and colonial privileges, became rich, then she could not complain if she came to be taxed in proportion to her riches.

The payment of the difference at issue in hard cash, instead of leaving it to the future adjustments of the partnership, made a separate capital for poor Scotland to begin with and had a mighty influence in averting prejudices against the treaty. It was, perhaps, open to the reflection that it brought a sordid pecuniary temptation home to Scotsmen; but there are fair and unfair pecuniary temptations, and this was distinctly a fair one.

The general historical character of Godolphin is, that he was a man honest personally, and free from all suspicion either of appropriating the public money to his own uses, or of even selfishly seeking his own interest within the license allowed by the political morality of the day. But it is said that he was audacious in the application of public money for the corruption of others. This character was long strengthened against him by a circumstantial story how he bribed Scots statesmen by distinct sums of money paid for their votes and influence in carrying the Union. Perhaps the most extraordinary feature in the history of this charge is that, in the blind fury of some patriotic Scots against the Union, they should have implicitly believed in this base charge against their own countrymen. There was a grotesque minuteness in the items of the account, that, instead of stirring suspicion, was appealed to as aggravating the baseness of the transaction. The sum total was £20,540, 7s. 7d. Three of the traitors drew each £1000 or more, the highest being precisely £1104, 15s. 7d. The lowest bribe, £11, 2s., was drawn by a northern peer of illustrious descent.

Few drafts on the national expenditure of England at that period have been more distinctly accounted for than this, because the items of it were examined in the relentless investigations of those who sought to make out a case of peculation against Walpole, and to accomplish this, there had to be a full audit of the public accounts throughout a long period. The money had been lent by the Government of England to the Government of Scotland, and repaid. The Exchequer of Scotland was much attenuated — virtually bankrupt. There were arrears of salary to officers of the Crown, military and civil, with other public debts. The wise English statesman thought that, for the matter of risking some £20,000, it was to be regretted that needy or greedy creditors should be howling round the Government of Scotland during the delicate discussions attending the Union. There was a curious subtlety in the transaction, for it had an innate tendency to recoup itself. It was a foregone conclusion that if the Union were carried England would be due some matter of £300,000 to Scotland, and the paltry advance would be deducted when this debt was paid.

It would be easy to follow up the three great names that have passed before

us with a procession of others that would have been eminent as statesmen in a less fertile Court. We confess to a weakness in favour of one of those, who has secured a comparatively small share of public favour — Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford. He was doomed to a certain unpopular stigma as the cousin of Abigail Hill, who superseded the Duchess of Marlborough, and of the whole race of little Hills held in much despite, including him of the halfpence immortalized in the derisive wrath of Swift. On the other side, he gained a good deal when he was stabbed by Guiscard; and as he had the actual wound, and went to bed, the world held him entitled to all the credit of the affair, though it was maintained that the crazy Frenchman intended to stab Bolingbroke, as a far more formidable antagonist of French interest. But, in truth, it is not as a statesman that Harley commends himself to our liking: it is for his princely patronage of literature and art — a service of infinite merit in that age when it was undertaken by a man of rank and wealth, gifted with a discriminating spirit. All the world knows the value of his collection of manuscripts. He took his part in studies but imperfectly followed in that age — studies connected with early British archæology and the progress of the constitution. Then there were some touches of simplicity about him that one cannot but like, for all the evil attributed to him as a statesman. Among the men of letters and art who haunted him, were many who looked more to the possible rewards of intellectual achievements than to the pleasure of accomplishing them. Perhaps, poor fellows, when we look at Hogarth's distressed poet, we may pardon them, and give them even a little sympathy. But Harley's treatment of these men was a standing jest, because he did not see, or pretended not to see, what they were after, and dealt with them as if nothing had any interest on either side save some matter of literature or art. The case of Prior the poet was often spoken of as peculiarly cruel, though, at the same time, it caused more laughter than compassion. It was said that mysterious hints had been uttered by the statesman as to its being desirable that he should study the Spanish language; and that when he reported his studies as completed, the reward was — not an embassy to the Court of Spain, but a request for an interchange of opinions as to the style of Cervantes.

The names of Bolingbroke and Oxford pass us on from the soldiers and statesmen to the authors of the period. We are still on illustrious ground. There are some who can only look on Queen Anne's reign as the era of great victories, while others think of it only as the age of a great literature. "The wits of Queen Anne's reign" are a separate constellation—like the magnates of the Augustan age in Rome—only in their habit, as they lived much more distinct. In the literary annals of the period they are continually coming and going before us, or abiding in presence and making themselves personally known. They were so many, so free-spoken, and so concentrated in London, that their own talk and writings supply us in abundance with what the world ever hunts out with greedy curiosity—the personal nature and habits of men of genius. We have nothing else like the social interior thus opened to us in any other country, or in any other period of our own history. We may easily believe that Pericles had a group of lively, witty, accomplished people about him; but what do we know of them, or of himself either, in his convivialities as a private gentleman? There was much wit and eloquence scattered about within and around Cicero's Tusculum—more still, perhaps, among those who lolled round the board of Mæcenas and slowly sipped his Falernian; but all their wit and wisdom is as ill preserved for us as the heroism of the ante-Agammemnonites. Pass we from these periods of old renown to the literary group that has most loudly and steadily of all proclaimed its sayings and doings to the world—that of the Frenchmen who are called the Encyclopædists, whether they all wrote articles in that huge, unwieldy, forgotten mass the *Encyclopédie* or not. Among them are D'Alembert, Diderot, Grimm, D'Holbach, Marmontel, Helvetius; and there are the honourable women—Deffant, L'Espinasse, Geoffrin, Bocage, and Boufflers. The last was the mistress of the Prince of Conti, and must not be confounded with that other contemporary Boufflers, who did duty as mistress to Stanislaus Augustus of Poland. That they were a group full of genius and accomplishments, and worthy of all interest, is not to be questioned. It is to be regretted that we have so little about them in English literature. Only a clumsy translation of the letters of Grimm and Diderot, some pleasant notices by Miss Berry, and a little unknown book written

by an eminent Edinburgh lawyer, called "Literature, and its Effects on Society."* But there is throughout a deficiency in easy, natural, careless wit, uttered for its own sake, and a prevalence of artificiality and parade. Every feat of intellect seems to be performed that it may be brought into the market and sold for two prices—the one paid in public fame, the other in the smiles and solid patronage of some potentate. The flowers are in the hot air of a conservatory, or are potted and carried into some *salon*, where their scents are mixed with the fumes of pomatum and cosmetics. It was in fact a great mart of wit and literature, where "the barbarian Courts" brought these articles for importation. We have the collection of letters—of literary state papers, as they might be called—by Grimm and Diderot to the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, the renowned "*Mémoires historiques, littéraires, et anecdotiques.*" They are no doubt pleasant, and excessively amusing; but a good deal of contempt goes to season admiration, and it is followed by some sense of the heartlessness and profligacy of the whole set. The barbarian Courts, as we know, imported not only the wit in the passive sense as expressive of what was uttered, but also the wit in the active sense of the accomplished utterer of it. We know too well what Courts, barbarian and other, had to undergo from the principles so nourished, since every institution in the world was shaken by them. It becomes difficult to indulge in their guilty mirth without remembering the Temple and the guillotine.

And yet, when we turn from this brilliant throng to many respectable periods—respectable for intellect as well as other merits—in British history, we feel a coldness and solitude, as one who goes home from a gay assemblage or theatre across a bleak moor in the grey morning hours. Isolation is the characteristic of most of our literary periods, making the one we are here dealing with exceptional. Attempts, indeed, to group together literary pictures from the lives of our authors, have proved in some instances to

* Are there any people now alive who remember the late Robert Thomson, advocate, Sheriff of Caithness, and the author of an esteemed practical law-book on Bills of Exchange? He was in his day sufficiently noticed and noticeable, from the peculiarities that made a temporary wit utter the saying, that Thomson was both in outward person and in inward character somewhat beyond the perpendicular. It happens to be known to the author of this paper that he was the author of the little book here referred to, and a very readable book it is.

be failures of a signal kind, with a sort of picturesqueness in their deficiencies. The two volumes quarto of Godwin's *Life of Chaucer* were dignified, and became renowned by Walter Scott's exposure of their nothingness as concerned the principal person in the grouping. As the author boasted about his successful researches into the personal life of the old poet, so little known before he took it up, the illustrious critic thus estimated the justness of the boast: "The researches into the records have only produced one or two writs addressed to Chaucer while Clerk of the Works; the several grants and passports granted to him by Edward III. and Richard II., which had been referred to by former biographers, together with the poet's evidence in a court of chivalry, a contract about a house, and a solitary receipt for half-a-year's salary. These, with a few documents referring to John of Gaunt, make the appendix to the book, and are the only original materials brought to light by the labour of the author. Our readers must be curious to know how, out of such slender materials, Mr. Godwin has contrived to rear such an immense fabric. For this purpose he has had recourse to two fruitful expedients. In the first place, when the name of a town, of a person, or of a science, happens to occur in his narrative, he stops short to give the history of the city *ab urbe condita*; the life of the man from his cradle upwards, with a brief account of his ancestors; or a full essay upon the laws and principles of the science, with a sketch of the lives of its most eminent professors.

It is unaccountable how, with this example before him, Charles Knight should have played us the same trick in his "Shakespeare—a Biography." To be sure it is an infinitely more brilliant and readable book than the quartos of the great philosopher; but a very small percentage of its interest is spent on Shakespeare. We have not, it is true, the biography of everybody else, and the history of sciences from the Creation. We have a lively sketch of English life, manners, and amusements, in the days of Queen Elizabeth and her successor; but it has no more to do with the life of Shakespeare, than, as he must have been at school, to let us see about the system of rudimental education in that day; and since it is probable that he may have sometimes danced round a May-pole, let us see about that too. No; unfortunate-

ly for us, nothing has been done to bring Shakespeare down from his serene elevation above all that was contemporary with him, and show us in his manner as he lived—to bring him forward as a man of this world.

And are we better off when we come to Milton? Is it not still with him and his life, as Wordsworth said,

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart?

With all the learning and research and eloquence at the command of the biographer now dealing with this chapter of literary history, he has not been able to make Milton the centre of an intellectual group, or even a distinct item in such a corporation: He has not, it is true, followed the discursive method adopted with Chaucer and Shakespeare. But to reconcile us as it were to an account of Milton, he has given us a history of the times into the bargain. A good and full history it is; but in its goodness and fullness it only excites regret that Professor Masson did not avowedly write a *History of the Reign of Charles I. and the Protectorate*, giving Milton and his literature their proper place in such a book. This method of pursuing two separate classes of literary exposition differing in their proportions, remind us of that occasional separation of the stages of an event into two or more pictures on one canvas—a practice to which even Raphael's Transfiguration hardly reconciles the eye.

Let us not open up great inquiries as to the summit-level reached by the highest intellects at one time or another. We are not going to solve subtle questions about the influence that the greatest intellects have left for after-ages, and the lustre they have conferred each on the age when he appeared. Leaving unsettled the question whether one genius commanding all ages is worth more or less than a group of clever people enjoying their own cleverness among themselves, and sending it forth among others, there is surely no period in the annals of England when literature was so brilliant as the age that hands down to us the names of Pope, Addison, Swift, Steele, Arbuthnot, Garth, Prior, and Defoe.

If none of these soar into the altitudes that enjoy the worship, and seem necessary for obtaining the tolerance, of some minds, yet to the less exalted there is abundant material for admiration and enjoyment. If we have not the worship of some great intellect apart from our own sphere, yet because of the approach

made by all the group to a common level, we have the rattle of the repartee, and the flash and report of the occasional epigram or rhetorical climax. So affluent, indeed, is this age in intellectual growth, that besides the goodly list that already fills the cars of fame, it would probably be the best period in which those resurrectionists who dig for and recover buried celebrities could invest their labour. Who speaks now of Tom Brown? If any one does, he will be supposed to refer, not to a real man of Queen Anne's day, but a fictitious man of Queen Victoria's. Yet there was such a person, a real power in his day, issuing a brilliant literature in countless editions. Very little is known of him personally. He was called "Tom Brown of Oxford," so that he perhaps distinguished himself there. His writings are full of classicalities; but he scatters them about with a scornful carelessness, as if in the sort of familiarity that has a proverbial offspring. One of the favourite objects, indeed, of his acrid sarcasm, is the Christian who cannot accept an idea as worth anything unless it can be shown to have been previously expressed in the thought of some heathen in Greece or Italy. "Nothing," he says, "will please some men but books stuffed with antiquity, groaning with the weight of learned quotations drawn from the fountains — and what is all this but pilfering? But I will neither rob the ancient nor modern books, but pillage all I give you from the book of the world. The book of the world is very ancient, and yet always new."*

There is ample room for comparing his genius with that of Swift; and in such a competition judgment would not invariably go with the greater reputation. Swift had a fine stage for the display of his mighty gifts. He had lived in his youth with a courtier, and a great monarch had taught him how to rear asparagus in the Dutch way. He knew intimately the first men of his day. Then he was an actual Dean. True, he said to the statesmen who did not make him a bishop, "God confound you for a couple of scoundrels;" but to be a Dean was to be placed high above assaults and suspicions. Nor did it in any way detract from his position that he had sometimes no congregation but his "Dearly-beloved Roger." That he was above the sordid work of priests and curates enhanced his claim to belong

to the class of the rich and great. Both these wits dealt in the morbid moral anatomy of London; but here Brown was the more incisive and complete of the two. He evidently formed an item in groups of such a cast that neither a Cato nor a Very Reverend would dare to let vestiges be seen that he had approached them. Both dealt a little too much in the indecorous; but their method was different. Swift, taking his stand as a clean man, displays in all its distinctness the moral nuisance. He rubs the world's nose in it. Brown, on the other hand, by some subtle trope or classical allusion, points to some hidden horror. Without some pre-knowledge that such things can be, we might pass by his allusion as meaningless, and possibly stupid. In this, and in many other points, he has more analogy with Hogarth than with any author. Both had the subtle power of telling by a hint. The three tell-tale faces in the funeral scene in one of the Progresses, and the evidence of Felix trembling, are very like some of Brown's allusions. Both, too, despised antiquity and precedent as an infallible guide. Brown graced his epigrammatic sentences by making sport of the classics; but the painter had not the fortune to possess so apt a medium, and his ridicule of the great masters only made himself ridiculous. Both brought out to light the inner life of the social conditions of the day. It is to be regretted that we know little personally of Brown — not even how he lived. It is open to us to suppose that the popularity of his books supplied him with daily bread. He is bitter in his ridicule of dedications by the parasites of the day. It may be remembered how Byron said in laughing scorn that he had tried to give a bribe to his "Grandmother's Review," the "British;" "I sent it in a letter to the editor, who thanked me duly by return of post." Brown almost anticipates this trick by a story of a long fulsome dedication, and long waiting in the anteroom, with no result.

Shall we count Isaac Watts, with his "Little busy bee," among the choice celebrities of Queen Anne's reign? If any one doubts the right of the hymnist to this eminence, let him go to Southampton; let him there, in the presence of any body of men native to the place, express anything approaching towards a doubt that Isaac Watts was the mightiest bard that ever wielded the English language, — he will meet such a rebuff as will awaken him to some new ideas on the sublime

* Preface to Amusements, Serious and Comical, calculated for the Meridian of London.

and beautiful. But, great poet or not, Watts has exercised a mighty influence on the British mind. It was not in what he deemed his strength that it was exercised. His "Logic," put forth with all the pomp of a standard in philosophy, has no more in common with logic as a science than with acoustics or hydrostatics; and though not entitled to speak from a critical perusal, we may believe that his other ponderous treatises, making up the six volumes of his collected works that introduce us to the one volume of his poetry, are of a like character.

But his sacred poetry, still popular in the Presbyterian Churches in Scotland, and among the English Dissenters, may be said to have got absolute possession of the nursery; and this is a strong post to hold by one who would invade and mould the adult intellect. But they are mistaken who suppose that there is not a dash of fine poetry here and there in his multitudinous rhymes. That the jingle of rhyme and dancing measure carried them off into puerilities, was what really made his juvenile hymnology available for giving a fund of enjoyment to the drudgery of the task-book, and helped to make children know the nature of poetry, and to infuse into their minds some pure and solemn thoughts. And however much we may feel inclined to count that the children's poet was in himself somewhat childish, we cannot but admit the greatness of his influence.*

Perhaps it would be still more difficult to find a legitimate place in the group for him who became known as "Orator Henley." His fame, or notoriety, as some would prefer to call it, belongs to a later period; but his most ambitious effort of genius, "Esther, Queen of Persia: an Historical Poem," now on the table before us, bears date in 1714; and his project of a Universal Grammar was pub-

lished a year or so earlier. Whether we may justly call him a great man or not, it is certain that he would hold a higher place in the present day, were he among us, than he held in his own; and those who are on the look-out for unpopular characters suitable for deification, might perhaps find a suitable hero in the Reverend John Henley. He was a Dissenting preacher; and that was nearly as fatal a definition in his day as that of "Farmer-General" became in the days of Voltaire. But he was a Dissenting preacher of a peculiarly odious stamp. He was a man of good old family. He got a university education, and dropped into a comfortable family living. But he would not be content with his lot, so he turned a Dissenter and popular preacher in London. There was something in all this so loathsome as only to be paralleled when high-born Lady Serena disappears with Plush, and gets married by the Registrar.

The name of "Orator" naturally occurred as a scornful designation for the popular preacher because he called his church the "Oratory." It was a large building, absorbing vast crowds out of the miscellaneous population of London. In this it was the prototype of a certain Tabernacle of the present day. Whether the existing Tabernacular, who has a great fame as an orator, be also a scholar, is not known; and it is not unfair to say that probabilities are against the supposition. But Henley certainly was a scholar of wide range. He fought a controversial battle with Bowyer, the French lexicographer, about the fundamentals of French Grammar. In his project of a Universal Grammar, he threw himself fearlessly into oriental languages; and though many have denounced his pulpit oratory, none have proclaimed his ignorance of the languages he thus professed to wield.

His most remarkable literary achievement is, however, the Liturgy prepared by him for the congregation of the Oratory.* It will be found reprinted in Hall's "Fragmenta Liturgica;" and it will perhaps surprise those who are familiar with the qualities of a popular Dissenting preacher of the present day, to

* Perhaps the reader may possibly remember the traditional story of the hopeful shape in which the youthful Watts renounced rhyme, when under dorsal discipline administered by the paternal hand:—

"Oh, father, do some pity take,
And I will no more verses make."

It is in the recollection of the present writer, how, at a well-remembered symposium long ago, bringing together a group of young men, the survivors of which are now old men, there was a trial of wits in expressing the sentiment of the young Watts in other forms of rhyming jingle. Some of the efforts were ludicrously doggerel, others ludicrously heroic. The only one now remembered—probably because it was the best—was hit off by Theodore Martin, who has since gained high repute in lyrical composition and classic learning. Here it is:—

"Oh do not strike me, reverend sire,
And I no more shall strike the lyre."

* The Primitive Liturgy and Eucharist, according to the institution of Christ and His Apostles, for the use of the Oratory: with Two Homilies, or Theological Lectures, on the Liturgy and Eucharist; and a new Preface explaining the discretionary use of the oldest Creeds and Doxologies, or *Gloria Patri*, of the Two First Ages.

find him sedulously searching through the Fathers and all the vestiges of early ecclesiastical literature for the devotional forms of the primitive Church.

One of the wild and offensive projects attributed to Henley was the establishment of a university in London. As it was profanity to listen to such a suggestion, he bethought him to create something like a centre of the higher education within his own Oratory. Surely he expressed himself in something higher than the tone of a clerical demagogue when he set down among his objects in this project, "To give by just degrees a standard to the English tongue; to clear, regulate, and digest the English history; to revive an ancient Athenian and Roman school of philosophy, rhetoric, and elocution, which last is reckoned among the *artes perditæ*."

"Our noble language," he says, "like our arms, ought to bear the laurel from France, which it merits, as well as from ancient Greece and Rome, in delicacy, in force, in majesty, in beauty."

There is no doubt that he carried hilarity, or, if you like, buffoonery, into the pulpit—and he vindicated the practice thus: "A preacher is bound in conscience sometimes to preach burlesque; for he is bound to be all things to all men. Some men will not be engaged by any method but burlesque; therefore I plead liberty of conscience, and demand it to preach burlesque when I think proper, as the clergy do to those that require that manner. Mirth is part of religion. 'The fear of God,' says Ben Sirac, 'makes a merry heart; her ways are pleasantness; rejoice in the Lord. Be perfect as God is perfect.' And God is said to mock, to have in derision, to laugh sinners to scorn."*

Henley had, in fact—and it was the cause of his offensive popularity—a touch of that fatality that in Swift, Sydney Smith, and less emphatically in our late neighbour Dr. Guthrie, could not resist the temptation to yield to the impulse of the ludicrous on the occasions when the ludicrous was also the unbecoming. It was among the cleverest ideas of Brougham, in reference to the possibility of making Sydney Smith a bishop, that he would be like the cat turned into a lady, who kept all feminine propriety till she saw a mouse, when nature triumphed, and she dashed at it, upsetting the china. Sydney would preserve all decorum until

some tremendous joke took possession of him, and then would come an explosion that would upset the Bench of Bishops.

It was a practice with Henley, as it often is with very earnest preachers, and other promulgators of doctrine, to waylay people so as to bring them within the influence of his eloquence. If he could but get them to hear, their hearts might be turned. On one celebrated occasion he laid a trap for the shoemakers. All London was placarded with an announcement that from the pulpit he would show how a pair of shoes could be made in five minutes. Throughout his arousing address the artisans present were impatient for the practical exhibition. He kept his word to them by producing a pair of boots and cutting them down into available shoes.

Among those calamities incident to our pure human race that give a zest to history, we must include the quarrels, hatreds, follies, and cruelties incident to religious fanaticism. We had these pouring in upon the land in quick and dire succession, from the fires of Smithfield to the cruelties against the Covenanters, and the bloody vengeance wrought in the murder of Sharp. In Queen Anne's reign this feature in British history calms down. There was the affair of Sacheverell, to be sure, making a mighty splutter; but it was to the bloody deeds of previous reigns as a street row to a battle, or a bloody nose to a murder. Bishop Burnet estimated it neatly enough when he said: "The Whigs took it in their heads to roast a parson, and they did roast him; but their zeal tempted them to make the fire so high that they scorched themselves."

And yet the age was not without its fiery trials; but they were seen, not felt. As the tide of war rolled far off from our peaceful shores, so did the ferocities and agonies of persecution touch us only in rumours as to a strange people in a distant land. Of the rabid religious ferocity of Louis XIV. in his dotage, when he was under the influence of his sainted wife, we felt nothing save in the blessed task of affording succour and refuge to the oppressed, who repaid the debt by bringing a new and valuable industrial element into our population.

In so far as the picturesqueness of fanaticism is attractive, these poor martyrs from the Cevennes and Languedoc made themselves eminently attractive to the mob of London, where they settled down at large, forming the colony of

* Milk for Babes, &c. By J. Henley, M. A.

Spitalfields. They ranted profusely, and made converts of many English people, chiefly of the devouter sex. These ranted also; and as if to meet on common ground in their ravings, both French and English fanatics dealt in unknown tongues. Miracles, too, were performed in abundance. One was attended by incidents rather conspicuous and troublesome. It was announced that the French prophets, as they were termed, were to raise a dead body in St. Paul's Churchyard. A vast mob assembled to behold the phenomenon, but it was a failure; not one of the dead lying there would consent to rise. The failure was attributed to the fact of some unfaithful person looking on; and it is certainly a clear enough proposition, that in a mob of some sixty thousand of the refuse of London, there would be a considerable sprinkling of unfaithfulness in various shapes.

There is a rather happy supplement to this story, which we would like to see examined and traced home. The shape in which we have come across it somewhere is this: Some persons were prosecuted on this occasion for a nuisance in gathering a mob and blocking up a thoroughfare. Among these was a certain Sir John Bulkely, who was a great sympathizer in the cause of the French prophets. He waited on Sir John Holt, the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, and intimated that the Lord had appeared in a vision to him—Bulkely—and told him to go to the Chief Justice and direct him to order a *nolle prosequi* in the proceedings. Holt is said to have answered gravely that he did not think it could have been the Lord who had given such instruction, since it showed gross ignorance of English law in sending him to the wrong officer—the Attorney-General being the only person who could order a *nolle prosequi*.

In these days England prospered apace, and was growing marvellously rich. It was the sight of this prosperity rousing up envious Scotland into hostility and rivalry that rendered that disagreeable affair, the Union, an absolute necessity. Scotland said she must in some way have participation in the trading and shipping privileges, or find the like for herself. The great moneyed and trading powers of England pronounced that she should have neither. By the navigation laws, Scotland was as absolutely foreign as all the rest of the world: and all efforts at

any arrangement, either by a union or otherwise, to bring Scotland within the navigation laws and the privileges of colonial trade, were sternly repelled. The efforts of Scotland to create such a system for herself were crushed in the affair of Darien. There was more apology for such harsh dealing, than, with the opinions current at the present day, we can readily realize. It was a devout belief that all national profit must be realized by a loss somewhere, and if Scotland prospered it would be by the ruin of England. Were those prosperous gentlemen who had invested in the great chartered companies to vote away their children's bread? But there was a worse alternative in sight. Scotland might go back to her ancient alliance with France, and find as of old a steady and powerful protector. It would be these two who would open the new trade in the British waters; and apart from all questions about danger of invasion, a thing to be scorned of England,—if it were a serious matter that the half-million or so of people in Scotland were to be enriched at their expense, how much more awful was the dispensation if it brought in the twelve or fourteen millions of France in addition!

So the Union was forced on by an irresistible pressure, guided by able managers; and when it came to pass, the expected calamities did not follow it. On the contrary, whether Scotland became richer or not, the progress of England in prosperity seemed to take a special impulse. Then, although it was some little humiliation to the proud Englishman to find that by Act of Parliament he belonged to "that part of Great Britain called England," he found that there was bound over to keep the peace towards him a certain discreditable poor relation—one who went about swaggering in arms too, and might any day commit violence on his worshipful, comfortable, and wealthy kinsman. Many towns in England, and especially London, carry a permanent testimony of the wealth of Queen Anne's day. In the streets about Westminster we see domestic architecture brought to the stage where it has remained with little change down to the present day. We have the flat rows of houses with the front wall-plate instead of the gable to the streets; the dining-room flat on a level with it, so that jolly toppers could pass out and in with the minimum of risk and difficulty; the drawing-room flat above; and below, the area

or basement story, in its quadrilateral pit,—all extremely antagonistic to the æsthetic, but withal comfortable.

The English workman had an ample share in the prosperity that was going. He became the envy of his brethren all over Europe. France was a terrible antithesis of splendour and squalor. The great Louis had made the fens and dirty ditches of Versailles into a Garden of Eden and built on it palaces that might realize the dreams of a new Jerusalem. But there was intense penury even in Paris; the provinces were swept by famine, and often the peasant's cottage was found to contain nothing but the skeletons of those who had lived and worked in it, fighting with starvation until they fell in the struggle. The German peasant had often a hard struggle for a sufficiency of his black bread. The Dutchman, rather better off, was living very parsimoniously, and even saving a trifle to be laid aside for a rainy day.

In England the workman's use of his good fortune produced some of the unpleasant features that have reappeared at the present day. Not trained to husband the money passing into his hands, or to resist the stimulus to sensual indulgence, he cast away the fruit of his industry in luxurious living. If he had as much of this as he cared for, he cut away a portion of his work-day and spent it in idleness. In harder times, or when the day's work barely supplied the day's necessities, he was renowned for his gallant contest with difficulties, and, working more than any other workman, fed himself better, and kept up his strength for the contest. But now that he had all that he desired, and more, why should he work? The capitalist appealed to him in vain; the temptation that could stimulate him to the additional work had disappeared with the prosperity that made the capital of the employer. The one was bent on increasing his hands—the other had no nucleus for accumulation. It was not his nature to begin such a process; and so "the British workman" became notorious for leading a life of idle luxury, and ending his days a pauper in the parish work-house.

Still these were but the reactionary evils of prosperity and abundance. The land at large was amply blessed. It enjoyed this material wealth along with those glories of a victorious career that sometimes sufficed the gaunt enthusiast on the other side of the Channel when his vegetable meal was at its most atten-

uated level. The wars and desolation that must attend a victorious career were all far away from the happy homes of England. There was peace over the land as the companion of plenty. It was an age adorned with intellectual glory—surely Britain was a happy land. Yet within this stately edifice of prosperity there stalked the household skeleton. He did not much trouble the workman. It may be said that he was scarcely seen by the country at large. But statesmen were all too familiar with him—he haunted them every day, troubling them with fears and perplexities.

It was generally believed throughout the English populace that "the Pretender" was the son of the wife of a vagabond physician, who was secreted in the palace, so that her babe, when born, was brought in a warming-pan to the queen's bed by a nurse generally called Goody Wilks. Hence, when any great occasion called forth a demonstration of anti-Jacobite feeling by the mob of London, their enthusiasm was appropriately expressed by clanging discordant music upon tin warming-pans. Statesmen had, however, abandoned all the childish stories that delighted the populace. They believed too surely that on the other side of the water there was growing up to manhood the youth who—if immediate hereditary descent were what the Jesuits called it, a divine law, the footsteps of which could be followed with the precision of an exact science—was the heir to his father, and at his death the King of Britain. If either of the daughters of King James and Anne Hyde had left a son or a daughter, many who were driven to other conclusions would have come to a tacit understanding to forget the nearer claim—as on a later occasion, when the last grandson of King James died, people who had professed Jacobitism would not look towards the Sardinian family and the other descendants of Charles I. through his daughter the Duchess of Orleans, but obstinately held to the sort of fiction of law, that George III. was the next in the pure line of succession. In earlier times it was much easier than it had become in the reign of King George to hide such disagreeable conditions out of sight. Genealogies were cooked by adepts to accomplish such things; and if there were other adepts who knew the truth and could contradict them, the task was not a safe one. The two sisters were each in the right line, and were received by the common people as the only

legitimate representatives of that line. King William might, for the services he had done, hold the throne provisionally; and he too was in the line as a descendant of Charles I. But just as Queen Anne was mounting the throne, a gloom was cast over the land by an event of bitter sadness—the death of her son and only surviving child, the Duke of Gloucester. How it shook the land we can easily believe, when we remember the crisis of the winter before last. The country was told how it was caused by the fatiguing ceremonies of his birthday as Prince of Wales. "After the ceremony was over, the Duke found himself fatigued and indisposed, and the next day he was very sick, and complained of his throat. The third day he was hot and feverish. Next morning, after bleeding, he thought himself better; but in the evening his fever appearing more violent, a blister was applied to him, and other proper remedies administered. The same day a rash appeared on his skin, which increasing next day, more blisters were laid on. In the afternoon the fever growing stronger, his Highness fell into a delirium, which continued till his death. He passed the night as he did the preceding, in short broken sleeps and incoherent talk. On the 29th, the blisters having taken effect, and the pulse mending, the physicians who attended him thought it probable that he might recover; but about eleven at night he was on a sudden seized with a difficult breathing, and could swallow nothing, so that he expired before midnight, being ten years and five days old;"* and so, as might some ragged urchin who had caught a cold through the neglect of his drunken parents, dropped away one on whom hung the fate of a mighty empire.

*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum
tabernas
Regumque turres.*

It is in the same solemn reverence to the power of the grim leveller that our English poet sang of a later palace calamity—

Hark! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,
A long low distant murmur of dread sounds,
Such as arises when a nation bleeds
With some deep and immedicable wound.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
Fond hope of many nations—art thou dead?

* Custe, i. 409.

Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head?

On Kneller's canvas the young prince is a handsome, intelligent boy, with the better part of the Stewart lineaments—like his cousin over the water, with some intellect, fire, and strength injected into him. He was, like all princes whose death might have averted critical conditions—like his grand-uncle, Henry Prince of Wales, and the Dauphin, son of Louis XV.—a miracle of virtue and intelligence. Burnet, who was his tutor, says: "I had read over the Psalms, Proverbs, and Gospels with him, and had explained things that came in my way very copiously; and was often surprised with the questions that he put to me, and the reflections that he made. He came to understand things relating to religion beyond imagination. I went through geography with him. I explained to him the forms of government in every country, and the interests and trade of that country, and what was both good and bad in it. I acquainted him with all the great revolutions that had been in the world, and gave him a copious account of the Greek and Roman histories, and of Plutarch's Lives. The last thing I explained to him was the Gothic constitution, and the beneficiary and feudal laws. I talked of these things at different times, nearly three hours a-day; this was both easy and delightful to him. The King ordered five of his chief Ministers to come once a-quarter and examine the progress he made; they seemed amazed both at his knowledge and the good understanding that appeared in him. He had a wonderful memory and a very good judgment."

It is possible that some who cast their eye on this page may have had but an indistinct impression of William, Prince of Wales and Duke of Gloucester, who died in Queen Anne's reign. It is a significant fact, indeed, that it should have made so small a mark on history, and have passed away among its mere shadows, in the business of providing an immediate remedy for the loss, by going back to the Protestant descendants of the Princess Elizabeth, the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia, and out of the group of these descendants arriving by genealogical analysis at the Princess Sophia.

But statesmen must have felt how critical the conditions had become. It was the climax of many disappointments. The children born to Queen Anne were so many that authorities differ about their

number — some saying seventeen, others nineteen. Of each one that lived for however short a time the death must have been felt as a separate shake to the Revolution settlement. The whole suggested strange superstitions and gloomy ideas among such of the common people as were inclined to Jacobitism. The repeated losses were judgments against Queen Anne for her undutiful and impious conduct to her father.* When the last blow came it was a signal of the Almighty's wrath, and plainly announced his decree that the impious projects for discarding the line of kings set by Him to reign as His vicergerents on earth were to be crushed and punished. Yet still the new Act of Settlement went calmly through the Houses, as if it had been the settlement of some municipal franchise for the election of common-council men, which, having fallen into confusion, had to be disentangled and settled by an Act of Parliament.

We may find valuable constitutional lessons running through the many shiftings and perils in this great passage of our annals; other nations may learn from them more than we require to seek. We are surely come now to the age when all may be examined dispassionately, and at freedom from the wayward influence of political forces. That the time has but recently come, and that many of our books of the period date from before its arrival, is an additional reason for bestowing special attention on the fourteen years elapsing between the death of King William and the accession of King George. It has to be remembered that after Jacobitism was long dead as a real political force to be dreaded, it had a picturesque and fanciful hold on literature — a hold innocent of all power of practical influence, but sufficient to have a distorting influence on history. It is not many years since Jacobitism got good-

humoured toleration enough to create interest in a swaggering Pretender parading the streets in portentous costume as the representative of the Stewarts; who was even permitted to act his preposterous part at the tables of people holding rank in good society.

But it is believed that now the atmosphere is sufficiently cleared for an impartial account of the whole; and a wondrous tale it is to tell, when its difficulties, its dangers, and its momentous results are all followed. Surely it may be said with an assurance of universal assent, that no royal house in Europe is so secure in the indubitable succession as the house of Hanover so worthily represented among us now is. And as surely there can be few things so important for the other nations of Europe to know, as the various steps of progress by which Great Britain, after suffering a succession of unfortunate reigns, found a remedy that set a firm dynasty on the throne. The remedy was not in discarding monarchy, nor in discarding the dynastic system by which the heir pointed out by genealogical conditions succeeds to a throne as he would to an estate. Nor was the remedy discovered in any profound system of political philosophy founded on the maxims of the acknowledged authorities in this kind of work, such as Aristotle, Cicero, Tacitus, or Machiavelli. It was simply passing by the immediate detrimentals, and permitting the current of hereditary succession to run on. If there was philosophy in the remedy, it was the philosophy of creating the smallest possible disturbance of the existing system. Since that great constitutional feat was accomplished, what terrible convulsions, with their attendants, ruin and bloodshed, have we beheld in efforts to accomplish national regeneration by revolutions more conformable to abstract theory! How simple and beautiful a proposition that seemed to be in the French Declaration of Right, that "All men are born equal"! And yet, after all the bloody Procrustean efforts to make it true, the result has been to invert the principle; to find that men are born unequal,—some strong, others weak—some clever, others stupid; and that the great object of constitutions and laws is to see that their inequality is so subject to restraints as to be incapacitated for gross injustice.

The history of the Parliamentary settlement in the house of Hanover is surely valuable for this one reason, if for nothing else, that it proves the possibility

* The gentle reader may be excused if he should be surprised to find this tone of opinion very emphatically announced in this nineteenth century, under the auspices of an eminent philosopher of ultra-Presbyterian tendencies, on the conduct of Queen Anne to her father at the crisis of the Revolution. We are told that "the conduct of the princess may possibly find some palliation from the peculiar circumstances in which she was placed, and from the partiality to the Protestant faith, which from her earliest infancy she had been taught to cherish. But every feeling of the heart rises in indignation against the unnatural deed, and seeks to hide it in that blaze of light which encircles the brilliant events of the reign. If heaven in this world ever interposes its avenging arm between guilt and happiness, may we not consider the loss of seventeen children as the penalty which it exacted from a mother who had broken the heart of the most indulgent father?"—Article "Anne," in "The Edinburgh Encyclopedia," conducted by David Brewster, LL.D.

of a constitutional settlement. Throughout the rest of European mankind, among French, Germans, Spaniards, all efforts of the kind have been terrible failures; and the most remarkable of modern efforts in the same direction is still on its trial in Italy. Our own settlement, now so old and so firmly rooted, ought surely to be an object of satisfactory reflection to all the friends of constitutional government abroad, since it is the one example that proves such a settlement to be possible. It should carry hope to other nations too, that it was preceded by convulsions, and lived for some time in fear and trembling. If we look from the beginning of the Civil War to the Forty-five as the period of probation, then it exceeded a hundred years; and even France has not yet suffered the convulsive operation of political metamorphosis so long as that. But though the Hanover settlement was twice troubled at later times, it was a firm government at the death of King William; and it is in the reign of Queen Anne that we have the means of studying its healthy youth.

That our age has carried us far beyond the influences of Jacobitism, gives us an opportunity for studying with all the more fairness the exiles on the other side of the water. We can speak of them as of Aristides and Coriolanus, without exciting suspicion of our loyalty. There is much to study in that curious small Court that set itself up in St. Germain, and then had to move further off to Albano at the command of the British Minister, Lord Stair, who would not have it within France itself, nor yet near enough to France to be at the call of the French Government when it desired to trouble or frighten the English. We have some recent literature on the ways and habits of these exiles, written generally in that pensive dreamy tone of literature that befits the subject. They were matter of much interest and inquiry to the late James Deniston of Deniston, the accomplished author of the *History of the Dukes of Urbino*; and there was something in their fate and character that afforded acceptable mental food to his romantic, dreamy, and highly polished intellect. We have a work set apart to the task in a not unlike spirit in a book called "*The Descendants of the Stuarts*"

—an unchronicled page in England's History, by William Townend."

The British Museum has lately acquired many manuscripts from which fuller materials still can be drawn by those whose taste leads them into so tranquil a corner of history. There is particularly the Correspondence of Cardinal Gualtiero, who was the Prince's agent, ambassador, or intercessor at the Vatican. We have here, as if it were matter of important diplomacy and patronage, the inner secrets of the arrangements for keeping alive the Romish Church in Britain, and especially for providing a supply of those Jesuits who were the fittest hands for the work when it was of a dark, dangerous, and desperate kind. There was a time when to lay these papers open to the public would have been a terrible calamity to many; but they are innocent enough now.

The personal character of the King, Prince, Chevalier, or Pretender, as he was called, according to the various grades from Jacobitism to intense loyalty, makes in itself a curious study; and it becomes important as well as curious when we carry with us, in estimating it, some features in the history of the present day. It cannot be doubted that had he conformed to any reasonable extent, he would have succeeded his sister on the throne. But he was intractable to the most provoking degree in the eyes of his friends—to the most satisfactory extent in those of his opponents. There is an involuntary respect for the honest consistency that rejects the thrones and other lustrous baubles of the earth for conscience' sake; and yet there was a strange twist in his conscience and its source that seemed to detract from all merit in his abstinence. He considered that in the right time the right line would return to its place. It was a thing not to be accomplished by anything that he and others could do,—the Eternal would effect it in the good time He had chosen. Hence the exile was ever serene; nothing disappointed, nothing discouraged him; nor would he give a single word of concession. It is surely among the most interesting studies in our physiology of mental constitutions, that an exact repetition of this phenomenon should come up in this our day.

From The *Corr hill Magazine*.
A ROSE IN JUNE.

CHAPTER II.

(continued.)

"OUT of the question," said Mr. Nolan; "and I'm no scholar myself to speak of, notwithstanding what I'm going to have the presumption to say to you. It's just this — I don't do much visiting of mornings; they don't like it. It takes them all in a mess as it were before they've had time to get tidy, and these mornings hang heavy on my hands. I want you to let me have the three big ones. I might get them on a bit; and time, as I tell you, my dear lady, hangs heavy on my hands."

"How can you tell me such a fib?" said Mrs. Damerel, half crying, half laughing. "Oh you are too good, too good; but, Mr. Nolan, I can't take anything more from you. Rose must help me, it is her duty; it is bad for her to be left so much to herself; why I was married and had all the troubles of life on my head at her age."

"And so she'll have, before you know where you are," said the good Curate, which will show the reader at once that he entertained no absorbing passion for Miss Rose, though I am aware it is a curate's duty so to do. "So she'll have; she'll be marrying some great grandee or other. She looks like a princess, and that's what she'll be."

"She has no right to be a princess," said the mother, overwrought and irritable, "and duty is better than ease surely. You, I know, think so."

"For the like of me, yes," said the Curate; "for her, I don't know."

"I was once very much like her, though you would not think it," said the mother, with the slightest tinge of bitterness, "but that is not the question — no, no, we must not trouble you."

"When I tell you the mornings hang on my hands! I don't know what to do with my mornings. There's Tuesday I'm due at the schools, but the rest of the week I do nothing but idle. And idling's a great temptation. A cigar comes natural when you've nothing to do. You don't like a man smoking in the morning; I've heard you say so. So you see the young ones will save me from a — no, I won't say cigar — worse than that — cigars are too dear for a Curate, me dear lady; from a pipe."

"Mr. Nolan, you are too good for this world," said poor Mrs. Damerel, affected to tears; "but I must first try what can

be done at home," she added after a pause — "no, no, you weigh me down under your kindness. What would the parish be but for you?"

"It would be just the same if I were dead and buried," said the Curate, shrugging his shoulders. "Ah, that's the worst of it; try for a little bit of a corner of work like a child's lessons, and you may be of service; but try to mend the world, even a bit of a parish, and you're nowhere. They don't think half as much of me as they do of the Rector?" he added, with a curious smile, which the Rector's wife only half understood. Was it satirical? or could it be possible that the Curate was surprised that the people thought more of the Rector than of himself? Mrs. Damerel was aware, no one better, of her husband's faults. Many a time she was ready to say in bitterness (to herself) that he was wearing her to death; but nevertheless she looked at long, loosely-built, snub-nosed Mr. Nolan, with mingled amusement and surprise. Was it possible that he could entertain any hopes of rivalling her husband? Of course a visit from the Rector was an honour to any one, for Mr. Damerel was a man who, notwithstanding a little human weakness, was the very picture and model of a gentleman; and the idea of comparing him with good Mr. Nolan was too absurd. "Yes, no doubt they are pleased to see him," she said; "poor people are very quick to recognize high breeding; but I am sure, my dear Mr. Nolan, that they are all very fond of you."

The Curate made no immediate answer. I am not sure that he had not in his private heart something of the same feeling with which his present companion had been thinking of her daughter, a feeling less intense in so far as it was much more indifferent to him, yet in a way stronger because untempered by affection. The Rector was of his own kind, the ornamental and useless specimen, while he was the worker whom nobody thought of; but these secret feelings neither of the two confided to the other. Mr. Nolan would have been horrified had he detected in Mrs. Damerel that slight bitterness about Rose, which indeed would have shocked herself as deeply had she paused to identify the sentiment, and she would have been, and was, to some slight extent — suspecting the existence of the feeling — contemptuous and indignant of Nolan's "jealousy," as I fear she would have called it. They returned, however, to the educational question,

which did not involve anything painful, and after considerable discussion it was settled that he should give the elder children lessons in the morning "if their papa approved." It is impossible to say what a relief this decision was to the mother, who had felt these lessons to be the last straw which proverbially breaks the camel's back. She was glad of the chat with a sympathizing friend, who understood, without saying anything about, her troubles — and doubly glad of the holiday exacted from her by his means — and gladder still to get rid of him and return to her many other occupations; for it was Monday, as has already been mentioned, and there was the laundress to look after, and a thousand other things awaiting her. The Curate went out by the garden door when he left her, out upon the lawn, where he paused to look at as charming a scene as could be found in England: a fair country spreading out for miles, its trees and fields and soft undulations under a summer sky, which was pale with excess of light, and ran into faint lines of misty distance almost colourless in heat and haze. Here and there the sunshine caught in a bend of the river, and brought out a startling gleam as from a piece of silver. The world was still with noon and distance, no sound in the air but the rustle of the leaves, the hum of insects; the landscape was all the sweeter that there was no remarkable feature in it, nothing but breadth and space, and undulating lines, and light, everywhere light; and to make up for its broad soft vagueness, how distinct, like a picture, was the little group in the foreground — the lime trees in their silken green, the soft rippling shadows on the grass, the picturesque figure in the chair, and the beautiful girl! The beauty of the sight charmed good Mr. Nolan. Had it been put to him at that moment, I believe he would have protested that his Rector should never do anything in his life except recline with languid limbs outstretched and his poetical head bent over his book, under the sweet shadow of the trees. And if this was true even in respect to Mr. Damerel, how much more true was it with Rose?

"Well, Nolan," said Mr. Damerel, suavely, as the bony Curate and his shadow came stalking across the sunshine; "well, worrying yourself to death as usual in this hot weather? My wife and you are congenial souls."

"That is true, and it's a great honour for me," said Nolan. "*She* is worrying

herself to death with the children, and one thing and another. As for me, in the mornings, as I tell her, I've next to nothing to do."

Rose looked up hastily as he spoke. How angry she felt! If her mother chose to worry herself to death, who had anything to do with that? was it not her own pleasure? A hot flush came over the girl's face. Mr. Nolan thought it was the quick ingenuous shame which is so beautiful in youth; but it was a totally different sentiment.

"Mamma does nothing she does not choose to do," she cried; then blushed more hotly, perceiving vaguely that there was something of self-defence in the heat with which she spoke.

Mr. Nolan was not graceful in his manners, like Mr. Damerel, but he had the good breeding which comes from the heart, and he changed the subject instantly, and began to talk to the Rector of parish business, over which Mr. Damerel yawned with evident weariness. "Excuse me; the heat makes one languid," he said; "you have my full sanction, Nolan. You know how entirely I trust to your discretion; indeed I feel that you understand the people in some respects better than I do. Don't trouble yourself to enter into details."

Mr. Nolan withdrew from these refined precincts with an odd smile upon his face, which was not half so handsome as Mr. Damerel's. He had the parish in his hands, and the Rector did not care to be troubled with details; but the Rector had all the advantages of the position, all the income, and even so much the moral superiority over his Curate, that even *they* (by which pronoun Mr. Nolan indicated his poorer parishioners) felt much more deeply honoured by a chance word from the Rector than they did by his constant ministrations and kindness. What an odd, unequal world this is! he was thinking to himself — not ruled by justice, or even a pretence at justice, but by circumstances alone and external appearances. This did not make him bitter, for he had a kind of placid philosophy in him, and was of the kind of man who takes things very easily, as people say; but the curious force of the contrast made him smile.

CHAPTER III.

ROSE DAMEREL'S life had, up to this time, been spent altogether in the sunshine. She had been too young when she went to school to ponder much over

anything that went on at home, and had concluded during her holidays that home, which was so dainty, so pleasant, so sweet, was a kind of Paradise on earth, infinitely more delightful than any of the other homes, of which she heard from her schoolfellows. None of them had a father so delightful, a mother so kind; and in these holiday times as everybody indulged and petted her, the private shadows—I will not say skeletons—in the house were never divined by her. She had, as sometimes happens to the eldest of a large family, much more care taken of her education and training than her sisters were likely to meet with. The burden had not begun to be so heavily felt when the eldest girl grew into bright intelligence, to her parents' pride. The others were still too young to demand or even to suggest the expense that would be involved in their education—and nothing was spared upon Rose. She had returned from school not much more than a year before the time of which I treat, and had gone on for some time in her delightful youthful confidence that everything around her was exactly as it ought to be. But shadows had begun to flit vaguely across the picture before that memorable day in the garden, which henceforward became a turning point in her thoughts. This was the first moment at which she fully identified the occasional clouds upon her mother's face, and learned that Mrs. Damerel was not merely a little cross—that easy and rapid solution with which a child settles all problems concerning its parents—but had a distinct cause for the little irritabilities which she tried so carefully to restrain. Perhaps it was in the very nature of things that Rose should be more attracted by the gentle indulgence and indolent perfection of her father than by her mother's stronger character. Mr. Damerel, had he been very rich, and free of all occasion to think of his children's future, would have been a model father to grown-up and well-behaved sons and daughters. He could not bear any roughness, coarseness, or disorderliness, therefore the schoolboys were but little congenial to him, and he was never sorry when the holidays were over. And the little children were too troublesome and too noisy to please him; but Rose was the perfection of a child to such a man, and to her he was the perfection of a father. Everything in her pleased and gratified him. She was pretty, gentle, full of intelligence, eager to read with

him if he would, still more eager to hear him talk, yet quick to perceive when he was disinclined to talk, and regarding all his moods with religious respect.

She would sit by him for hours together, like a charming piece of still life, when he pleased, and was ready to converse or to listen, to walk, to sing, to follow his lead in everything, as only a woman-child, full of the beautiful enthusiasm of youthful admiration, can do. Nothing, except perhaps the devotion of a young wife, when she really loves the man much older than herself, whom she has married, can equal the devotion of a girl to her father. She admired everything about him—his beautiful refined head, his fine voice, his grace and high breeding, his sermons, and what she called his genius. To find this faultless father to be anything less than a demi-god was terrible to Rose. I do not mean to say that she got within a hundred miles of this discovery all at once; nay, the first result of the vague and dreamy doubts that stole into her mind was rather an increase of enthusiasm for her father, an instinctive making-up to her own ideal for the sense of failure in him, of which she was vaguely conscious. Rose loved her mother after a totally different fashion, in an ordinary and matter-of-fact way, but she had no romance of feeling towards her; and when her whole little world began, as it were, to sway upon its axis, to yield beneath her feet, as if it might swing round altogether in space, turning what she had supposed the brighter side into shadow, and elevating that which she had held lowly enough, she, poor girl, grew giddy with this strange and sickening sensation. She was at the age, too, when everything is apt to reel about the young experimentalist taking her first steps in life. She was vaguely conscious of being now a free agent, consulted as to her own movements, no longer told curtly to do this and that, but exercising personal choice as to what she should do. This change is of itself sufficiently bewildering. Nature makes, as it were, a pause at this first crisis of personal life. The child, wondering, half-delighted and half-troubled to have no longer its duties clearly and sharply indicated, falls into a partial trance, and neglects many things for sheer want of use and knowledge how to act for itself. This was Rose's position. Between the mother, who, a little mortified and hurt at her child's want of sympathy with her, did not give

her orders, but only suggested employment, and the father, who said, "Never mind, let her alone," she stood, not knowing how to settle the question, but inclining naturally to the side on which she was most indulged and smiled upon, though with a secret uneasiness which she could not shake off, and moral sense of a false situation which grew upon her day by day.

Rose had lovers, too, in this new miraculous life upon which she had entered — two lovers, not yet declared, but very evident to all knowing eyes; and in the village there were many keen observers. One of these suitors was the most wealthy proprietor in the neighbourhood — a man much above her own age, yet not old, and perfectly qualified to please a lady's eye; and the other, a young naval lieutenant without a penny, the son of Mrs. Wodehouse, who lived on the Green, and had nothing in the world but her pension as an officer's widow. Of course I do not need to say that it was the poor man whom Rose preferred. She was not in love with him — far from it; but she was so completely on the verge of universal awakening, that a word or touch might be enough to arouse her whole being at any moment — might open her eyes to her own position and that of her parents, and show her the nature of her individual sentiments, as by a sudden gleam of light. Rose, however, was not the least in the world aware of this; and at the present moment she was no further advanced than was consistent with saying frankly that she liked Wodehouse very much — and feeling (but of this she said nothing) more glad when she saw him coming than about any other event in her simple days.

Dinglefield is a sociable place, and there is something in a soft summer evening after a very hot, blazing summer day which fosters a disposition to stroll about and interchange greetings with your neighbours. As it began to darken upon the evening of this particular day, various people in the houses about stepped out of their wide open windows after dinner and, tempted by the beauty of twilight, strayed along the road or over the Green to the rectory garden, which was by universal acknowledgment "the most perfect spot" in the village. Much has been said about the charms of twilight, but little, I think, of its peculiar English beauty, which is not so magical as the momentary interval between light

and dark in the south, or the lingering prolonged silvery and ineffable dimness of those northern twilights which last half the night; but has a dusky softness altogether peculiar to itself, like the shadowing of downy wings. The air was delicious, fresh after the hot day, yet so warm as to make wrappings quite unnecessary. The sky, still somewhat pale in its blue, after the languor of the heat, looked down faint yet friendly, as if glad to see again a little movement and sense of life. A few subdued stars peeped out here and there, and the wide stretch of country lay dim underneath, revealing itself in long soft lines of grey, till it struck into a higher tone of blue on the horizon where earth and heaven met. All the Damerels who were out of bed were in the garden, and the neighbours, who had made this pleasant terrace the end of their walk, were scattered about in various groups. Mr. Incledon, who was Rose's wealthy lover, came late and stood talking with Mrs. Damerel, watching with wistful eyes her appropriation by his rival, young Wodehouse — whose mother, hooded in the white Shetland shawl, which she had thrown over her cap to come out, sat on a garden-chair with her feet upon the Rector's Persian rug, listening to him while he talked, with the devout admiration which became a member of his flock. The Rector was talking politics with General Peronnet, and Mrs. Wodehouse thought it was beautiful to see how thoroughly he understood a subject which was so much out of his way as the abolition of purchase in the army. "If he had been in Parliament, now!" she said to the General's wife, who thought her husband was the object of the eulogy. There were two or three other members of this group listening to the Rector's brilliant talk, saying a few words, wise or foolish, as occasion served. Others were walking about upon the lawn, and one lady, with her dress lifted, was hastening off the grass which she had just discovered to be wet with dew. Upon none of them, however, did Mr. Incledon's attention turn. He followed with his eyes a pair whose young figures grew less and less in the distance, half lost in the darkness. The persistence with which he watched them seemed a reproach to the mother, with whom he talked by fits and starts, and whose anxiety was not at all awakened by the fact that Rose was almost out of sight. "I am afraid Rose is not so careful as

she ought to be about the dew on the grass," she said, half apologetically, half smiling, in reply to his look.

"Shall I go and tell her you think so?" said Mr. Incedon, hastily. He was a man of about five-and-thirty, good looking, sensible, and well dispositioned; a personage thoroughly *comme il faut*. He was a sort of suitor whom proper parents love to see approaching a favourite child. He could give his wife everything a woman could desire. Provide for her handsomely, surround her with luxury, fill her life with pleasures and prettinesses, and give her an excellent position. And the man himself was free of pranks and crotchets, full of good sense, well-educated, good-tempered. Where are girls' eyes, that they do not perceive such advantages? Mrs. Damerel hesitated a moment between sympathy with her child and sympathy with this admirable man. There was a struggle in her mind which was to have the predominance. At length some gleam of recollection or association struck her, and moved the balance in Rose's favour, who she felt sure did not want Mr. Incedon just at that moment.

"Never mind," she said, tranquilly, "it will not hurt her;" and resumed a conversation about the music in the church, which was poor. Mr. Incedon was very musical, but he had no more heart for anthems at that moment than had he never sung a note.

Rose had strayed a little way down the slope with Edward Wodehouse. They were not talking much, and what they did say was about nothing in particular — the garden, the wild flowers among the grass on this less polished and less cultured lawn which sloped down the little hill. At the moment when the elder suitor's glances had directed Mrs. Damerel's attention towards them they were standing under a gnarled old hawthorn tree, round which was a little platform of soft turf.

"We lose the view lower down," said Rose; and there they stopped accordingly, neither of them caring to turn back. The soft plain stretched away in long lines before them into the haze and distance like the sea. And as they stood there, the young moon, which had been hidden behind a clump of high trees, suddenly glinted out upon them with that soft dewy glimmer which makes the growing crescent so doubly sweet. They were both a little taken aback, as if they had been surprised by some one suddenly meeting and looking at them — though

indeed there was not a syllable of their simple talk that all the world might not have heard. Both made a step on as if to return again after this surprise, and then they both laughed, with a little innocent embarrassment, and turned back to the view.

"What a lovely night!" said Rose, with a faint little sigh. She had already said these not remarkable words two or three times at least, and she had nothing in the world to sigh about, but was in fact happier than usual; though a little sad, she knew not why.

"Look at those lights down below there," said young Wodehouse; "how they shine out among the trees!"

"Yes, that is from Ankermead," said Rose; "you know it? — the prettiest little house."

"When we are away, we poor mariners," he said, with a little laugh which was more affected than real; "that is, I think, the thing that goes to our hearts most."

"What?"

"The lights in the windows — of course I don't mean at sea," said young Wodehouse; "but when we are cruising about a strange coast, for instance, just one of those twinkles shining out of the darkness — you can see lights a long way off — gives a fellow a stab, and makes him think of home."

"But it is pleasant to think of home," said Rose. "Oh, what am I saying? I beg your pardon, Mr. Wodehouse. To be sure, I know what you mean. When I was at school something used to come in my throat when I remembered — Many a time I have stood at the window, and pretended I was looking out, and cried."

"Ah!" said Wodehouse, half sympathetic, half smiling, "but then you know it would not do if I looked over the ship's side and cried — though I have had a great mind to do it sometimes in my midshipman days."

"To cry is a comfort," said Rose: "what do you men do, instead?"

"We smoke, Miss Damerel; and think. How often I shall think of this night and of the lights yonder, and mix up this sweet evening with an interior, perhaps, sweeter still!"

"I don't think so," said Rose, with a soft laugh, in which there was, however, a shade of embarrassment which somewhat surprised herself. "The room is rather stuffy, and the lamps not bright, if you were near enough; and two old

people half dozing over the tea-table, one with the newspaper, one with her worsted-work. It is very humdrum, and not sweet at all inside."

"Well, perhaps they are all the fonder of each other for being humdrum; and it must have been sweet when they were young."

"They were never young," said Rose, with a silvery peal of laughter, turning to go back to the lawn. "See what tricks imagination plays! You would not like to spend an evening there, though the lights are so pretty outside."

"Imagination will play many a trick with me before I forget it," said young Wodehouse in subdued tones. Rose's heart fluttered a little—a very little—with the softest preliminary sensations of mingled happiness and alarm. She did not understand the flutter, but somehow felt it right to fly from it, tripping back to the serenity of society on the lawn. As for the young man, he had a great longing to say something more, but a feeling which was mingled of reverence for her youth and dread of frightening her by a premature declaration kept him silent. He followed her into the hum of friendly talk, and then across the lawn to the house, where the neighbours streamed in for tea. The bright lights in the rectory drawing-room dazzled them both—the windows were wide open; crowds of moths were flickering in and out, dashing themselves, poor suicides, against the circle of light; and all the charmed dimness grew more magical as the sky deepened into night, and the moon rose higher and began to throw long shadows across the lawn. "On such a night" lovers once prattled in Shakespeare's sweetest vein. All that they said, and a great deal more, came into young Wodehouse's charmed heart and stole it away. He heard himself saying the words, and wondered how it was that he himself was so entirely happy and sad, and thought how he might perhaps soon say them to himself as his ship rustled through the water, and the moonlight slept broad and level, and uninterrupted by any poetry of shadows upon the sea. To think of that filled his heart with a soft, unspeakable pang; and yet the very pain had a sweetness in it, and sense of exaltation. "There are the lights still," he said, standing over her where she had seated herself near the window. "I shall always remember them, though you will not allow of any romance——"

"Romance! oh no," said Rose lightly;

"only two old people. We have not any romance here."

Mr. Incedon, who had been watching his opportunity so long, now came forward with a cup of tea. Poor Edward was too much abstracted in his thoughts and in her, and with the confusion of a little crisis of sentiment, to think of the usual attentions of society which he owed to her. He started and blushed when he saw how negligent he had been, and almost stumbled over her chair in his anxiety to retrieve his carelessness. "My dear Wodehouse, Miss Damerel cannot drink more than one cup of tea at a time," said the elder suitor, with that air of indulgent pity for his vagaries which so irritates a young man: and he mounted guard over Rose for the rest of the evening. The good neighbours began to go home when they had taken their tea, and the Rector and his daughter went with them to the gate, when there was a soft babble and commotion of good-nights, and every two people repeated to each other, "What a lovely moon!" and "What a glorious night!" As for poor Wodehouse, in his climax of youth and love, his very heart was melted within him. Twice he turned back, murmuring to his mother some inarticulate explanation that he had forgotten something—that he wanted to speak to the Rector—and twice went back to her solemnly saying it did not matter. "No, no," he said to himself, "he must not be premature."

Rose took another turn round the lawn with her father before they went in. Mrs. Damerel was visible inside, sending the tray away, putting stray books in their places, and stray bits of work in the work-basket, before the bell should ring for prayers. Mr. Damerel looked in as he passed with an indulgent smile.

"She calleth her maidens about her," he said, "though it is not to spin, Rose, but to pray. Somehow it enhances the luxury of our stroll to see your mother there, putting everything in order with that careful and troubled face—eh, child, don't you think with me?"

"But does it enhance her luxury to have us walking and talking while she has everything to lay by?" said Rose, with an uncomfortable sense that her own work and several books which she had left about, were among those which her mother was putting away.

"Ah, you have found out there are two sides to a question," said her father, patting her on the cheek, with his gentle

habitual smile; but he gave no answer to her question; and then the maids became visible, trooping in, in their white caps and aprons, and the Rector, with a sigh and a last look at the midnight and the dim dewy landscape, went in to domesticity and duty, which he did not like so well.

Rose went to her room that night with a thrill of all her gentle being which she could not explain. She looked out from her window among the honeysuckles, and was so disappointed as almost to cry when she found the lights out, and the little cottage on Ankermead lost in the darkness. She could have cried, and yet but for that fanciful trouble, how happy the child was! Everything embraced her—the clinging tendrils of the honeysuckle, so laden with dew and sweetness; the shadows of the trees, which held out their arms to her; the soft caressing moon which touched her face and surrounded it with a pale glory. Nothing but good and happiness was around, behind, before her, and a trembling of happiness to come, even sweeter than anything she had ever known, whispered over her in soft indefinite murmurs, like the summer air in the petals of a flower. She opened her bosom to it, with a delicious half-consciousness fresh as any rose that lets its leaves be touched by the sweet south. This Rose in June expanded, grew richer, and of a more damask rosiness, but could not tell why.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MENDELSSOHN.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

CHAPTER V.

FRANKFORT (1837).

MENDELSSOHN was married on the 23rd of March, the ceremony taking place in the French Reformed Church, to which his bride belonged. It seemed strange to hear any one so thoroughly German harangued in French on this solemn occasion; but the simplicity of the service, and the wonderful fascination of the young couple, touched and impressed every one. I had composed a marriage song for the reception of the newly-married pair at the grandparents' house, and for its performance had engaged the services of the ladies belonging to a small choral society which I had conducted

every week during the past winter at the E.'s house. In spite of all the admiration and veneration of these young ladies for Mendelssohn, and though they knew we had leave, and that it was very pretty and laudable to show so great an artist such an attention, it was not without some embarrassment that the graceful band entered the strange house under my direction, and took up their position in battle array before the eyes of the astonished servants, to await the expected arrival. But Mendelssohn and his charming bride were so touched and pleased, and the numerous members of the family were, as might have been expected, so extremely amiable, that the fair singers soon completely forgot their doubtful situation, and thoroughly enjoyed being in the thick of the merry throng.

The young couple went first to spend some time at the charming town of Freiburg-im-Breisgau. A place more congenial to their poetic and artistic tastes could hardly have been found. It is a smiling little city, with clear streams running through the streets, glorious hills looking down on it all around, lovely environs with views over mountain and valley, river and plain; and besides all this, the homely, simple, South-German dialect and manners—a perfect place for a honeymoon. It will be remembered that Cécile had great talent for painting. A journal,* unique of its kind, which she and Felix kept together, and which I was allowed to see on their return, contains written matter and drawings by each in turn, landscapes, houses, little scenes in which they took part—in fact, hundreds of things done on the spur of the moment. During their absence I constantly heard news of their doings from the lively and communicative Madame Jeanrenaud. In the middle of May the happy pair returned to Frankfort. Felix writes in a letter to Devrient:—"I can only tell you that I am perfectly happy and in good spirits, and though I never should have thought it, not the least over-excited, but just as calm and settled as if it were all quite natural." In this tranquil happy frame I found him on his return. But when he showed me the 42nd Psalm, the musical result of his wedding tour, I was astonished—though only so long as I had seen nothing but the title. For the tender and longing pathos which pervades some parts of it is based on a foun-

* Now in the possession of Mendelssohn's youngest daughter, Madame Wach, at Bonn.

dation of perfect trust in God, and the subdued sentiment which for the most part characterizes the work, may well harmonize with the blissful feelings of deep happiness which penetrated him at the time. The final chorus, the words of which do not belong to the Psalm, and which he composed afterwards at Leipsic, seems to me not entirely in keeping with the other movements.

However, I must at once protest against the possible misunderstanding of my being supposed to hold artistic creation in general to be the produce of the state of mind at the moment. Even in the most ordinary life the mood of the mind changes so constantly, that if one were to follow it, no artistic work of any unity would ever come into being—these matters are ruled by other and higher laws. But anything which was the result of such a wedding tour naturally leads one to make observations and draw comparisons, though I should hardly have expressed them if they had not forced themselves upon me at the time.

In the midst of the engagements and excitements which now engrossed the young pair, Felix composed his beautiful E minor quartet, the progress of which I watched with the keenest interest. I must not forget one of the last occasions on which I conducted the Cæcilia Society, the performance being in honour of the young couple; it consisted chiefly of selections from "St. Paul," though with pianoforte accompaniment only; and I remember Mendelssohn's especial delight with the fine rendering of some of the *chorales*, which I had made the chorus sing *a capella*.

It was now almost time for me to set out on my Italian journey. Mendelssohn, meanwhile, travelled on down the Rhine, but we hoped to see him again in a few days. Our hopes were, however, disappointed, and I soon received the following letter from him from Bingen:—

BINGEN, 13th July, 1837.

DEAR FERDINAND,—When you got into the carriage the other day at Homburg, and drove off with your ladies, I must have had a presentiment that we should not meet again for the present; I felt almost sure we should not. It is strange enough that it has really turned out so; I shall not return to Frankfort before my English journey, but in eight or ten days I go from here to Coblenz, and so on, slowly down the Rhine; and in September, when I get to Frankfort for half a day, you will already be far away in the mountains, perhaps across the Alps. Who knows where and

when we may meet again? In any case, I hope, unchanged; we should have had so much to talk about before the long separation: but the chief thing is that we must have a happy meeting some time or other.

I could not manage it differently, the journey here was rather a helter-skelter affair, and then I was quite prepared to find the inn as uncomfortable as the one in Homburg, and no lodgings to be had; in that case we should very soon have come back to Frankfort, and I should have betaken myself to the Hôtel de Russie. Contrary to our expectation we found the inn quite bearable, the view beautiful, and the neighbourhood and environs so splendid and varied, that after a few days I put off thinking about returning to Frankfort, and now have quite given it up, for I hope that my people will go on a little further with me. You really cannot think how this beautiful spot on the Rhine grows upon me, and how it attracts me, though I have often seen it in a superficial way. In five minutes, with a boat, I am at the "Mäuseturm," my favourite point, and then over at Rüdesheim; and the Rhine is so beautiful in the changeable weather, and even after the storm of yesterday. Thank God, my dear Cécile is well and cheerful; if I tell you that I love her more every day, you won't believe me, but it is literally true. I have not worked much here, I mean not written much, but I have a new violin quartet, all but finished, in my head, and I think I shall finish my pianoforte Concerto next week. I have mostly followed your advice in the alterations in the E minor violin quartet, and they improve it very much; I played it over to myself the other day, on an abominable piano, and quite enjoyed it, much more than I should have imagined. And so one day passes like another, but all are happy. This letter is to remind you of our agreement that you should always write on the 15th of the month and I on the 1st. Do let us keep to this, dear Ferdinand, even if the letters contain only a few lines or words, the regular correspondence is so precious. Please, leave your E minor Symphony at the Souchays' for me when it comes from Paris, so that I may take it to Leipsic in September, I shall immensely enjoy having a good look at it and hearing it again properly. The Cæcilia Society wanted to have another musical evening in your especial honour, and I had promised to conduct; but I had to give that up too. Did anything come of it after all? And do all the musical heads in Frankfort still show their teeth at one another? And does—show you his stumps? It annoyed me more even than I said at the time, this stupid behaviour of the German musicians. But it is God's will, so let the devil take them. Even their daily life is a mere hell upon earth. And so farewell; I have got back at last into the angry style again. My address till the 1st of August is here, *poste restante*; from then till the 10th, Coblenz, *poste restante*; from then till the 20th, Düsseldorf, ditto; from then till

the 20th of September, London, care of C. Klingemann, Hobart Place, Eaton Square, Pimlico; from the end of September again in Leipzig. Is not that very precise? And my pianoforte piece? Am I ever to get it? Do tell me, for I should so like something new and good to play, and I can hardly count on my concerto for that. And now farewell, dear friend. Write to me soon. Many many remembrances to your mother, and thank her for the love and kindness which she has so often shown me; think of me sometimes, and let us look forward to a happy meeting soon.

Your FELIX M. B.

I too at last set out on my journey, beginning by wandering through the Black Forest on foot, and spending some delightful days in Baden with my friend Ferdinand David, also just married, and his lively, refined, and interesting wife. Thence I went to the Tyrol, and late in the autumn to Italy, where I spent that winter, and where my mother, who could not bear to be separated from me, joined me as soon as the weather began to get pleasant. Mendelssohn's letters to me during that time, some of which follow here, give a far better picture of the highly gifted man, and the true friend, than my pen can possibly do.

LONDON, 1st September, 1837.

DEAR FERDINAND,—Here I sit—in the fog—very cross—without my wife—writing to you, because your letter of the day before yesterday requires it; otherwise I should hardly do so, for I am much too cross and melancholy to-day. It's nine days since I parted from Cécile at Düsseldorf; the first were quite bearable, though very wearisome; but now I have got into the whirl of London—great distances—too many people—my head crammed with business and accounts and money matters and arrangements—and it is becoming unbearable, and I wish I were sitting with Cécile, and that I had let Birmingham be Birmingham, and that I could enjoy my life more than I do to-day. Damn it—you know what that means, don't you? and I have three more weeks of it before me, and have got to play the organ at B. on the 22nd and be in Leipzig again on the 30th—in a word, I wish I were rid of the whole business. I must be a little fond of my wife, because I find that England and the fog and beef and porter have such a horribly bitter taste this time—and I used to like them so much. You seem to be having a splendid journey, and this letter will see finer country than I do, as it has to go to Innsbruck. Do inquire at Innsbruck if anybody knows anything about a Herr Christianell of Schwatz, who has written to me twice, and calls himself a great amateur of music, and about whom I should like to know more. And so you are seriously thinking about your Jeremiah, and all the while striding off to

Italy to compose opera there for the season? You really are a mad "old Drama."

It is pretty quiet here. Most people are away in the country or elsewhere. The Moscheles have been at Hamburg already some weeks, and I shall not see them; Thalberg is giving concerts at Manchester and other places; he has made an extraordinary sensation and is very much liked everywhere, and I hope still to meet him; Rosenhain is at Boulogne, and comes back soon; Benedict at Putney, *à la campagne*; Miss Clara Novello travelling from one Festival to another, and will probably only be in Italy next spring; till then she comes to Leipzig for our concerts (pray forgive me, I would willingly give her up to you, but—duty). I met Neukomm on the Rhine steamer, as polite and unapproachable as ever, and yet showing a friendly interest in me; he asked a great deal after you, &c., &c. Simrock promised to write directly, and put himself into communication with you about the manuscripts; I told him I did not know whether you had anything for him just at present, that it was more for the future; has he written? I have heard nothing from my people in Berlin for so long (more than five weeks) that I am beginning to be anxious—and that adds greatly to my melancholy. I composed a great deal whilst we were on the Rhine, but I don't mean to do anything here but swear,—and long for my Cécile. What's the good of all the double counterpoint in the world when she is not with me? I must leave off my complaints and my letter, or you will be laughing at me at Innsbruck in the sunshine. Address to Leipzig again,—I wish I were there. It seems that Chopin came over here quite suddenly a fortnight ago, paid no visits and saw nobody, played very beautifully at Broadwood's one evening, and then took himself off again. They say he is still very ill and miserable. Cécile will have given my remembrances to your people herself. So farewell, dear "Drama," and forgive this horribly stupid letter, it is exactly what I am myself.

Your FELIX M. B.

The chief thing I leave for the P. S., just as all girls do. Am I ever to get your E minor Symphony? Do send it to me! You have cheated me out of my concert piece. Get me the E minor Symphony, the Leipzigers must hear it—and like it.

LEIPZIG, 10th December, 1837.

MY DEAR FERDINAND,—I thank you with all my heart for having written to me in November, in spite of my last month's irregularity; I really could hardly have believed it. The arranging of my new house, moving into it, with many concerts and a deal of business—in short, all the impediments, whatever they may be, which a regular Philistine, like I, can only enumerate to a smart and lively Italian like you—my installation as master of the house, tenant, musical director of the Subscription concerts—all this prevented me

from doing my regular correspondence last month. But just because of that I wanted to beg you, and I do beg you to-day most earnestly, that in spite of all the inconceivable difference of our position and surroundings, we should stick fast to our promise of monthly letters; I feel that it might be doubly interesting and good for us both to hear about each other, now that we have become so desperately divided, and yet just for that reason all the nearer to each other. At least I find that whenever I think of Milan and Liszt and Rossini, it gives me a curious feeling to remember that you are in the midst of it all; and with you in the plains of Lombardy it is perhaps the same when you think of me and Leipsic. But next time you must write me a long detailed letter, full of particulars, you can't imagine how they interest me; you must tell me where you live, what you are writing, and everything that you can about Liszt and Pixis and Rossini, about the white dome, about the Corso—I do so love that enchanting country, and it's a double pleasure to hear from you from it—you really mustn't use half-sheets there. Above all, tell me if you enjoy it and revel in it as thoroughly as I did? Mind you do, and mind you drink in the air with as much ecstasy, and idle away the days as systematically as I did—but why should I say all this, you will do it anyhow. Only please write me a great deal about it.

You want to know whether I am satisfied here? Just tell me yourself if I ought not to be satisfied, living here with Cécile in a nice, new, comfortable house, with an open view over gardens and fields and the city towers, feeling so serenely happy, so calmly joyful as I have never felt since I left my parents' house, and able to command good things, and good-will on all sides? I am decidedly of opinion, either this place or none at all. I felt that very strongly after the reports about —'s place in —; no ten horses and no ten thousand thalers could take me there, to a little court, which for that very reason is more pretentious than the great ones, with the utter isolation of petty musical doings, and the obligation of being there the whole year managing the theatre and the opera, instead of having my six months free. However there are also many days when I think *no* post would be the best of all. Two months of such constant conducting takes more out of me than two years of composing all day long; in the winter I hardly get to it at all here. At the end of the greatest turmoil if I ask myself what I have actually been doing, after all it is hardly worth speaking of, at least it does not interest me particularly whether or not all the recognized good things are given one time more or better. I am only interested now in the new things, and of these there are few enough. I often think I should like to retire completely, never conduct any more, and only write; but then again there is a certain charm in an organized musical system like this, and in having the direction of it. But what will

you care about this in Milan? Still I must tell you, if you ask me how I like being here. I felt the same thing at Birmingham; I have never before made such decided *effect* with my music as there, and have never seen the public so entirely taken up with me alone, and yet there is something about it, what shall I call it, something flighty and evanescent, which rather saddens and depresses than encourages me. It so happened that there was an antidote to all these eulogies, on the spot, in the shape of Neukomm; this time they ran him down wholesale, received him in cold silence, and completely set him aside in all the arrangements, whereas three years ago they exalted him to the skies, put him above all other composers, and applauded him at every step. You will say that his music is not worth anything, and in that no doubt we agree, but still, those who were enraptured then, and now affect such superiority, do not know that. I am indignant about the whole affair, and Neukomm's quiet, equable behaviour appeared to me doubly praiseworthy and dignified when compared to theirs. This resolute demeanour of his has made me like him much better. Just fancy also that I had to go straight from the organ loft into the mail coach, and drive for six days and five nights on end till I got to Frankfort, then on again from there the next day, arriving here only four hours before the beginning of the first concert. Well then, since that we have given eight concerts, such as you know, and the "Messiah" in the church. Our star this winter is Clara Novello, who has come over for six concerts, and has really delighted the whole public. When I listen to that healthy little person, with her pure clear voice, and her animated singing, I often think that I have actually stolen her away from you in Italy, for she was going straight there, and now will not go till the spring. But by persuading her to come here I was able to do our cause the greatest service, for this time it is she alone who puts life and spirit into it, and as I said before, the public are wild about her. The air from "Titus" with *corno di bassetto*, the Polacca from Bellini's "Puritani," and an English Aria of Handel's, have driven the public quite frantic, and they swear that without Clara Novello there is no salvation. Her whole family are here with her, and are very pleasant people. You are often and much thought of. The finest of the new things was Beethoven's "Glorreicher Augenblick," a long Cantata (three-quarters of an hour, choruses, solos, etc.) in honour of the three monarchs who met at the Vienna Congress; there are splendid things in it, amongst others a Cavatina,—a prayer, quite in Beethoven's grand style, but with wretchedly stupid words, where "heller Glanz" is made to rhyme with "Kaiser Franz," followed by a great flourish of trumpets, and now Haslinger has actually put other words to it, and calls it "The praise of Music," and these are even more wretched, for "poesy" is made to rhyme with "noble harmony," and the flourish of trumpets comes

in — still more stupidly. And so we spend our days in Germany. David played my E minor quartet in public the other day, and is to repeat it to-day "by special desire;" I am curious to know how I shall like it; I thought it much prettier last time than I did at first, but still I do not care much about it. I have begun a new one which is almost finished, and which is better. I have also done a few new songs, some of which would probably please you, but my pianoforte concerto I think you would challenge. It's your own fault, why haven't you sent me your promised piece? You perhaps don't know that Ricordi, the music-seller, often sends parcels here to Wilhelm Härtel. So you might put it in some day. There's a delicate reminder! I have had to get the score of your E minor Symphony written out from the parts; the score that came with it (in your own hand) had an almost totally different first movement, the *Andante Allegretto* in B flat instead of C, and the two last movements quite different, — in short I did not know what to do, and only yesterday had the pleasure of receiving the old well-known score from the copyist and playing it through at once. I have put it down for one of the January concerts, and it will form the second part by itself. The two middle movements are quite superb. Now I must stop. Give Liszt many remembrances from me, and tell him how often and with what pleasure I think of him. Remember me to Rossini, if he likes being remembered by me. And above all, keep fond of me yourself.

Your FELIX.

LEIPSIK, 20th January, 1838.

You Milanese "Drama," you begin your letter so contemptuously, and look down so upon my reminder about punctuality, that I had almost resolved, first to be very punctual myself, and secondly not to remind you any more. But as you may see from the date that I have not kept the first resolution, I also cannot answer for my keeping the second and slipping a reminder into this letter now and then — you may attend to them or despise them, as you like; I am past improvement, as you see (I mean, "incurrible"). But, joking apart, I should have written to you at the New Year, and thanked you for your dear good wishes, and given you mine, but I was prevented in the most tiresome way by an indisposition or illness which attacked me in the last week of the year and unhappily has not yet subsided. This has put me into such bad spirits, and at times made me so desperate, that even to-day I only write because I see that it is no use waiting till I am better. I am suffering, as I did four years ago, from complete deafness of one ear, with occasional pains in the head and neck, &c.; the weakness in the ear keeps on without any interruption, and as I had to conduct and to play in spite of it (I have been keeping my room for a fort-

night) you may imagine my agony, not being able properly to hear either the orchestra, or my own playing on the piano. Last time it passed off after six weeks, and God grant that it may do the same this time; but though I summon up all my courage, I cannot quite help being anxious, as, till now, in spite of all remedies, there is no change, and often I do not even hear when people are speaking in the room. Besides this there is another, still greater anxiety, from which I hope every day to be released, and which does not leave me for a moment. My mother-in-law has been here for a fortnight, you know for what reason. When you see your whole happiness, your whole existence, depending upon one inevitable moment, it gives you a peculiar sensation. Perhaps my health will be better when the weather improves, I hardly remember such a winter; for a whole fortnight we have had from 14 to 22 degrees of cold, yesterday at last it was milder, but we had a snowstorm, which is still going on and has almost blocked up the streets. How is it with you in Milan?

A thousand thanks for the details in your last letter, they interest me more than you can imagine, living as you do in the very midst of so much that sounds quite fabulous here. You must tell me a great deal about it all whenever you write; tell me about your Psalm, and how they sang it, and whether you have already begun the opera, and what *genre* you have chosen, and about Pixis' *début* — in short, all about what you are doing and what you like. Here everything goes on in the usual quiet musical way. We have one subscription concert every week; and you pretty well know what we do there. For the New Year, when the concert always opens with sacred music, we performed my psalm "As pants the hart." I have written a new and very elaborate chorus as a *finale* to it, and the whole psalm pleased me a good deal, because it is one of the few things of my own which I am as fond of now as when I was writing it. A symphony by Täglichsbeck, which was very much praised in Paris, and played at the Conservatoire, made very little impression here, and seemed to me nothing particular. Henselt the pianist was here shortly before the New Year, and certainly plays exquisitely; there is no question about his belonging to the first rank, but it is still uncertain whether he will be able sufficiently to master his German anxiety and conscientiousness, that is to say, his weak nerves, so as to make himself generally known, and play in London or Paris. He practises the whole day till he and his fingers are so done up that in the evening if he has to give a concert he is quite tired and exhausted, and then, compared to other times, plays mechanically and imperfectly. His great specialty is playing wide-spread chords. He keeps on all day stretching his fingers, and amongst other things does the following, *prestissimo*: —



He has also written charming Studies, which form a great feature at his concerts. He is now gone to Russia. We played your Overture in E at his concert; it went well, and we enjoyed it much. The Fernando Overture will come next; but your mother did not send me the corrected score, only the parts, which I did not want, because we have them here. I got nothing but the score of the E minor Symphony, which you said was to be burned, but with your leave or without it I shall not do so. It is strange that again I do not take to the last movement, whilst the second and third movements please me more than they did before. The symphony is fixed for one of the February concerts. A symphony by Bürgmüller (from Düsseldorf) was very much liked the other day. Yesterday Schleinitz brought me your G minor song (in the "Europa"), sang it to me, and made me guess whose it was; to my great annoyance I couldn't, and was vexed with myself afterwards, for I ought to have known it by the beginning, and by the close in G minor in the middle. In the way of new things I have almost finished the violin quartet, and also a sonata for piano and cello, and the day before yesterday sent Breitkopf and Härtel six four-part songs for mixed voices, small things for singing in the open air, or at parties. The Novello, who has made *la pluie* and *le beau temps* here, and who at her farewell concert was smothered with poems and flowers, and endlessly applauded and shouted at, is gone to Berlin to sing there; she passes through here again, and will perhaps give us two more Arias, which Leipzig has begged for on its knees, and is to be in Italy by the spring. In what part, I fancy she knows at present as little as I do. She has given the concerts a splendid impetus this winter, and even if it is difficult to replace her, the good effect will last for a time. But what do you say to Ries's sudden death? It was a great blow to me and gave me a strange feeling, just because his manner and way of going on had displeased me—but this news is such an utter contrast to all that as to make me completely forget everything else for the moment. The Cæcilia Society certainly seems strangely fated. I have no idea who could or would undertake it now. Only a week ago Ries was suffering merely from gout and jaundice;—and in two days he is suddenly dead.—If you were in Germany now I should say you ought to go to Weimar in Hummel's place; there must be much that is nice about it; perhaps it will remain vacant till you come back some day. You would like Weimar very much. Above all, if you would only come back, there is no want of places, I see that plainly now, it

is only the men that are wanting—it's my old story over again. And you say that I am long past all that now. And I hope that it is still before you.

LEIPZIG, 14th April, 1838.

DEAR FERDINAND,—You will be angry with me for my long silence; again I can do nothing but beg pardon, and hope that you will transform your wrath into gentleness when you see my well-known fist. A great deal has happened between this and the last letter, and much which prevented me from writing. No doubt you have heard through your mother that Cécile presented me with a son on the 7th of February; but perhaps you don't yet know that towards the end of the month she suddenly became dreadfully ill and for four days and four nights had to struggle with a terrible fever and all kinds of other evils. Then she recovered, thank God, quicker than could have been expected, though slowly enough, and it is only quite lately that all traces of illness have disappeared, and that she is again as cheerful and looks as well and fresh as you recollect her. What I went through at that time, I could not tell you in any letter, nor indeed in words; but you will be able to imagine it to yourself, dear Ferdinand. And now, that all the anxiety is over, and my wife and child are well, I feel so happy, and yet not a bit "philisterhaft;" you may laugh as much as you like, I don't care, it is too lovely and delightful to see a wee little fellow like that, who has brought his mother's blue eyes and snub nose into the world with him, and knows her so well that he laughs to her whenever she comes into the room; when he is lying at her breast and they both look so happy—I don't know what to do with myself for joy. After that I could decline *mensa*, or do finger exercises with anybody for as long as ever they liked, and gladly allow you to laugh at me. In a few days we go to Berlin, so that Cécile may get to know my youngest sister and the whole family; Paul and his wife were here last month, and stood godfather and godmother to the little one at his christening. The little man is called Carl Wolfgang Paul. In Berlin I shall see how my wife gets on at our house; if it's all right, I shall go alone to the musical festival at Cologne in four weeks, and come back directly afterwards to Berlin, so as to spend the summer quietly there or here and work. If not, Cécile will go with me to Cologne; but as my mother and sisters would not at all like that, I think she will probably stay with them, and perhaps go to the Rhine with me next year. These are my plans for the present. And you? If I were you I should certainly have trudged off to Rome yesterday for Good Friday and Palm Sunday, and I keep thinking that it is still possible you may have done so. On Palm Sunday I always think of the papal chapel and the golden palm branches; in the way of ceremony and grandeur it is the most solemn and splendid thing that I ever saw, and I should like you to see it

and think so too. You do tell me capital things about Milan and your life there; how funny that you should find your Paris circle there again—Liszt, Nourrit, Pixis, &c. But it must all be intensely interesting, and I already look forward to the account you are to give me at Lespsic some day of all the "circumstances." You will have enough to tell. And indeed you have hit off a horribly truthful picture of the blissful happiness of a Hofcapellmeister at —, and the blissful patience of the German public. I have had some terrible glimpses into that during the course of this winter, for instance, in the case of the post at —, for which they wanted to get me (probably because a couple of newspaper correspondents had said so) and where they have again been using the most beautiful artifices to make me *apply* for it, because they did not like to speak straightforwardly and properly to a musician; however they were obliged to at last, and in return I had the pleasure of most politely refusing it, and so I see once more how right you were with your dismal description. And yet there is a certain something in this Germany of ours—I hardly know what, but it attracts me so much, and I should like to convince you. It is my old story over again, which you have already heard two hundred times, and which you have disputed four hundred times. Certainly the state of the theatre, such as you describe it in Italy, is better and has more life in it than ours, but you should help us to bring about an improvement. — and his followers will never do it, they only drive the cart deeper into the mire, and will disappear without leaving a trace.

But to turn to something better. Could you and would you send me a copy of your Psalm? and also any other new thing that you may have, and give the whole parcel to Ricordi who often sends things here to W. Härtel? That would be splendid of you, and I beg you many many times to do it. I also have been rather busy this winter. David played a new violin Quartet of mine in E flat, in public the other day at the last of his Soirées, and I think you would find real progress in it; I have begun a third; I have also finished a concert piece for piano and orchestra (a sort of Serenade and Rondo, for of course I shall never get yours), a new Psalm (the 95th),—I suppose I have already written to you about my having added four numbers to the 42nd—and then there's a set of four-part songs for open-air singing, and various other little creatures that would so much like you to clip and brush them a little if you were here. *Apropos*, isn't this rich? They have been giving a first performance of my "St. Paul" at Dresden, with all sorts of wonderful preparations, and ten days before, R. writes me a formal letter, saying that they wished to shorten the first part a little, and he should therefore cut out the chorus "Rise up, arise," with the chorale "Sleepers wake," as those numbers did not appear to him to be necessary for the action. I was stupid enough to be frightfully put out for a whole day at this

piece of presumption, but you too will think it rich.

Clara Novello will really soon be in Italy now. I hear that she is at Munich, and will go on from there direct. She went from here to Berlin, where she had such incredible success, that I am afraid it made her a little overconfident, for at Dresden and Vienna, where she went directly afterwards, she is said to have made very little sensation. In Berlin, on the other hand, she gave two concerts, sang twice for the poor, four times at the theatre, twice at court, and how can I tell where besides? Mind you pay her every possible attention, if she flutters into your arms.

And now I must close, though I still have quantities of things to say. More next time. My wife sends you many best remembrances. She is busy about the journey. Please write to me to Berlin (Leipziger Strasse No. 3), then you shall have Berlin news in exchange for Milan news (by which I should lose a good many yards). But good-bye, dear Ferdinand, be happy, and always fond of your F. M.

BERLIN, the 15th of July, 1838.

DEAR FERDINAND,—As all manner of creatures were created by God, to wander about the earth, had correspondents among the number, don't be too angry with me for having got this nature. I have times when the ink will not flow, and if I could get answers (for instance from you) without first writing myself, I really should quite forget how to write. You may perceive, first from my long silence and from my present stiff writing, that this is one of those times. But as I said before, it is for the sake of the answer. I hope you will discover some quite new way of abusing me for the beginning of your letter, because then I am sure to get it soon. And besides, you will have to answer as a man of business, for I am writing on business, to ask about the Overture which you promised us for the concerts. What has become of it? I hope we shall get it, and then we can at once put it down for the beginning of the concerts (end of September). Don't retort that I have not sent you my things by Härtel's, as you begged; you know that since then, I came here, and have been leading rather a disturbed life, and besides, what can you want with them now? I would rather play them all to you *en gras* when at last you come back to the "Vaterland." But with you it is different; because yours would be a help to me in my performances, and would give us pleasure, and you have promised it me, and I shall keep you to your word. It is to be hoped the overture is finished, and it is also to be hoped that you will send it. I feel more eager about it than I have about any piece of music for a long time, just as I do about your Italian life and doings altogether. I fancy you now sitting by the lake of Como with your mother; it must be a delicious kind of life. And I suppose you also go lounging about with Liszt, and paying court to the Novello, who, I hear, is in Milan, taking lessons; is she still your

particular favourite? What do you say to her singing, and to her looks? I have now been here in my old home since May. It gives me a peculiar sensation, so much in it is changed, so much in my own self is changed, and yet there is a sort of comfortable homelike feeling in it as if I had never left it. Then my family is so secluded and isolated here that one really knows very little of Berlin, and hardly comes into contact with anybody but the people in the house. This has its good side, as well as its disadvantages; and looking around me now as a stranger and free from prejudices, I certainly feel glad that I did not stay, however much I may regret it on account of my family; but the climate and the air here are unfruitful and good for nothing. For study and work and isolation Berlin is just the place, but hardly at all for enjoyment. Everything in my former life has now for the first time become quite clear to me, and I see plainly how all my hostilities with the people and my bad position were brought about of necessity; and this has made these months especially interesting to me. We are quite pleased with each other now, and on the whole I like Berlin very much, because now that I have got rid of the wretched business altogether, I can enjoy what is good in the place without embittering it to myself. The first evening after my arrival we went to the theatre to hear Gluck's "Armida;" I have hardly ever, if ever, enjoyed anything so much at the opera. That great mass of thoroughly-trained musicians and singers, ably conducted by Spontini, the splendid house, full to suffocation, the good *mise-en-scène*, and with all that the wonderful music, made such an impression on me that I was obliged to say to myself that there was nothing to be done with small towns and small means and small circles, and that it was quite another thing here. But how often since have I had to retract that! The very day after, they gave a so-called Memorial Festival for Beethoven, and played his A major Symphony so atrociously, that I soon had to beg many pardons of my small town and my small means; the coarseness and effrontery of the playing were such as I have never heard anywhere, and such as I can only explain to myself by the whole nature of the Prussian official, which is about as well suited for music as a strait-waistcoat is for a man. And even then it is an unconscious strait-waistcoat. Well, since then I have heard a good deal in the way of quartets and symphonies, and playing and singing in private circles, and have altogether begged pardon of my little town. At most places here music is carried on with the same mediocrity and carelessness and assumption as ever, which quite sufficiently explains my old wrath, and the very imperfect means I had of managing things. It all hangs together with the sand, the situation, and the official life, so that though one may enjoy individual appearances well enough, one cannot become better acquainted with anybody. The Gluck operas may be reckoned amongst such enjoy-

able appearances. Is it not strange that they always draw a full house, and that the public applauds and is enchanted and calls the singers back? And that it is about the only place in the world where such a thing is possible? And that the next evening the "Postillon" draws just as full a house? And that in Bavaria it is forbidden to have any music in any Catholic or Protestant church, because it desecrates the church? And that *chorales* are becoming *obligato* at the theatres? Confound it all. — However the chief thing is to get as much novelty as possible, and that there should be plenty of good and beautiful things in the world; that is why I am so eager about your Overture and your Opera. You will have heard that I was at Cologne for the festival. It all went well; the organ was splendidly effective in Handel and still more so in Bach — (it was some newly-discovered music of his, which you don't yet know, with a grand double chorus). But even that, to my feeling at least, was wanting in the interest that one feels for something new and untried; I like so much when there is that kind of uncertainty which leaves room for me and the public to have an opinion; in Beethoven and Handel and Bach one knows beforehand what it will be, and must always be, and a great deal more besides. You are quite right in saying that it is better in Italy, where people have new music every year, and must also have a new opinion every year, — if only the music and the opinions were a little bit better. At this you snort and say: what is "better"? Well, if you want to know, something more to my taste. But really Germany seems to be possessed with the devil; Guhr has just been giving two tremendously brilliant performances of the "Creation;" all the newspapers are talking about the passage "Let there be light," where Guhr placed the bands of some Austrian and Prussian regiments in the church, and made them blow their loudest. And the Cæcilia Society is conducted by V., who as far as I know is the best that they can get; and S. is making speeches in Mozart's honour, and all that is also not to my taste. Perhaps after all my taste is perverted — the possibility of it occasionally dawns upon me — but I must make the best of it, though I certainly have about as much difficulty in swallowing most of these things, as the stork had with the porridge in the shallow dish. The stork reminds me of my boy who is stout and fat and merry, and takes after his mother both in looks and disposition, which is an inexpressible delight to me, because it is the best thing he can do. Cécile is well and blooming and sends you many greetings.

But I have not told you anything about what I have been writing, I mean what music: two Rondos for Piano, one with and one without orchestra, two Sonatas, one with violin, the other with Cello, one Psalm, and just now I am at a third violin Quartet, and have a Symphony in my head, which will soon be launched. In B flat. And you? Do you mean to send the overture? A thousand af-

fectionate greetings to your mother. Enjoy your life in that heavenly country, and think nicely of me.
Your F. M. B.

BERLIN, 17th August, 1838.

DEAR FERDINAND, — Your yesterday's letter delighted me so much, that I do not like to lose any time in telling you so. It is the nicest of all that I have ever had from you, and I read it again and again, always with new delight at the happy and tranquil mood which it reflected, at each separate good and loving thing in it, at the beginning and the middle and the end. I am so glad that such happiness should fall to your share, and I wish you joy of it with all my heart, or rather I enjoy it with you, for I see from your letter how well you know how to enjoy it. It must indeed be delightful there at Bellagio with your mother; and it is because you seem so penetrated by this happy feeling, that your letter gave me so much pleasure, for, I confess, I had hardly expected it. What you tell me about the new oratorio is also not so bad, and I can see from all this that you are just now living exactly the sort of life that I always wished you to live, and about which I was always holding forth to you — it's all the same *where* — may Heaven keep it so for you always, and may you always think of me as affectionately as you do in this letter. The Babylonians certainly had valve trumpets (in fact all Babylon was a kind of valve trumpet), such luxurious, arrogant Orientals would hardly be satisfied with mere trumpets in C. But please don't call them *trompettes à piston* in your score, I have such a hatred for the word *piston* — you see I am a regular doctor of philosophy. Well, and when the oratorio is finished, are we to hear it in Germany? Now, that will really be a word in season. Only mind you do it somewhere within my reach, so that I also may have my share in it, I mean in the first performance; you should do it in Leipsic, that would be splendid, and all the singing and playing faculties of the place should be on their mettle for your service. Do get it done soon, and tell me a great deal about it, so that I may at least have a foretaste of it meanwhile.

I agree with every word you say about the Novello, and also about Liszt. I am very sorry that we are not to have the overture, but of course I can understand that you don't want any of it to be played before the first performance. And will that be next winter? And is the whole oratorio actually sketched out in four parts? That's really industrious. In this way you at once give me an example for the ten operas and ten oratorios which you say I am to write in the next twenty years. I assure you, I feel the greatest desire and stimulus to follow your advice and example, if only there were one true poet to be found in the world, and he were my friend. It is too difficult to find all that at once. One would have to be driven to it. Germany is wanting in such people, and that is a great misfortune. Meantime as long as I don't find any, I shift

for myself, and I suppose one will turn up at last. Your psalm with the instrumental accompaniment and your wedding-chorus I received here, haven't I thanked you for them yet? It seems to me as if I had, and if I am mistaken I must tell you again how much pleasure you gave me with the latter, and what happy days are recalled by every note of the former. Your abridged Fernando Overture I received at Leipsic, and I think of giving it at the beginning of the Subscription Concerts; I shall write you all about it, and send it to you directly afterwards (at the beginning of November perhaps, if that is soon enough?) by Härtel and Ricordi. I shall add a couple of new things of my own; I wonder what sort of impression they will make upon you in Italy.

My time at Berlin is almost over now, I think of going back to Leipsic in four days; they are going to do my "St. Paul" there in the church, and the rehearsals begin next week. Our family life here has been so pleasant; yesterday evening, when I went over to tea and found them all assembled, I read them a good deal out of your letter, which gave them great pleasure, and they told me to give you many kind remembrances. We were together like that every evening, talking politics, arguing, and making music, and it was so nice and pleasant. We only had three invitations the whole time, and of music in public I heard little more than I was obliged; it is too bad, in spite of the best resources; I saw a performance of "Oberon" last week which was beyond all conception — I believe the thing never once went together all through; at the Sing-Akademie they sang me a piece of my own, in such a way that I should have got seriously angry, if Cécile had not sat by me and kept on saying: "Dear husband, do calm yourself." They also played me some quartets, and always bungled the very same passages that they had bungled ten years ago, and which had made me furious ten years ago — another proof of the immortality of the soul. My third violin quartet in D is finished; the first movement pleases me beyond measure, and I wish I could play it to you, — especially a *forte* passage at the end which you would be sure to like. I am also thinking of composing an opera of Planché's next year; I have already got two acts of the libretto, and like them well enough to begin to set to work. The subject is taken from English history in the Middle Ages, rather serious, with a siege and a famine, — I am eager to see the end of the libretto, which I expect next week. I also still hope to get words for an oratorio this year. — You see, that I was already going to follow your advice of my own accord, but, as I said before, the aid and invention of the poet is wanting, and that is the chief thing. Pianoforte pieces are not exactly the things which I write with the greatest pleasure, or even with real success, but I sometimes want a new thing to play, and then it also occasionally happens that something exactly suit-

able for the piano comes into my head, and even if there are no regular passages in it, why should I be afraid of writing it down? Then, a very important branch of pianoforte music which I am particularly fond of—Trios, Quartets and other things with accompaniment,—is quite forgotten now, and I greatly feel the want of something new in that line. I should like to do a little towards this. It was with this idea that I lately wrote the Sonata for Violin, and the one for Cello, and I am thinking next of writing a couple of Trios. I have got a Symphony in B flat in hand now, and mean to get it finished soon. I only hope that we shall not have too many foreign *virtuosi* at Leipsic this winter, and that I shall not have too many honours to enjoy, which means, concerts to conduct. So Herr F. has gone all the way to Milan. Br, he is enough to spoil the warm climate. Yes, you see, I have to digest such creatures, and am in Leipsic, instead of at Cadenabbia, where I once was, opposite your present lodging. When I am writing to you at the lake of Como, I feel the greatest longing to see that paradise again, and who knows what I may do in the next years! But you will first have to be here with your oratorio, which is best of all. Do you know that my sister Fanny will perhaps see you soon? She intends going to Italy with her husband and child, and only returning next year. When I know more definitely about her journey I will tell you, so that she may not miss you, as Franck did. Now good-bye, write to me soon to Leipsic, just such another splendid letter. Once more, thanks. Remember me to your mother. Farewell, farewell.

Your FELIX.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE COURTIER OF MISFORTUNE: A BONAPARTIST STORY.

III.

ON the 4th September, 1870, towards one o'clock in the afternoon, an officer in a cuirassier uniform got out of a train on the platform of the Northern Station, jumped into the first cab he could find—it happened to be an open one—and told the coachman, in a fevered voice, to drive him to the Tuileries. His uniform was soiled and torn; there was mud on his boots up to the knees, his head was bound up in bandages clotted with blood, and his haggard face bore a week's unshaved beard. A mob pressing outside the station for news, recognized him for an officer, no doubt from Sedan, and gave him a ringing cheer, but he bent his head and made no response. The city bore nothing of the mourning aspect he had expected. The *cafés* were full and noisy.

Bands of workmen, who ought to have been at drill, strolled by rows of twenty arm-in-arm along the carriage-ways, bawling vinously, "*Vive la République! Vive Trochu! A bas Badinguet!*" Police-men were invisible. Women and peasants pushing hand-carts laden with furniture before them streamed in from the country districts round Paris, and seemed to be on the look-out for lodgings. Newspapers found a brisk sale, boys screamed the *Marseillaise*, and tradesmen, with scared faces, were climbing ladders to unhook Imperial escutcheons, and paint out the words "*Purveyor to their Majesties*," in which but a day ago they had gloried.

The cab drove quickly, but at the bottom of the Rue de Valois had to stop, for the Place du Palais Royal was full of people. The cuirassier got out, paid the driver, and endeavoured to hurry unobserved through the crowd, which was rather a curious than an excited one. He did somehow force himself a passage through the mobs surging towards the Hôtel de Ville on the one hand, towards the Tuileries Gardens on the other; and when he reached the sentry mounting guard somewhat nervously at the Carrousel gate, opened his cloak to show the despatch-bag slung over his tunic, and was allowed to pass in without question. The immense yard, adorned with a triumphal arch reared to celebrate past victories over a people now conquerors in their turn, was almost deserted; but at broken intervals men, for the most part in civilian dress, shuffled panic-stricken across the yard and entered the palace. The cuirassier followed them, climbed the staircase, where no usher or footman stood to ask intruders their business, brushed past a terrified group of ladies, who were coming down the stairs with travelling-bags in their hands, and asked for the aide-de-camp on duty. He was directed to go down a passage to the right, did so, and remitted his despatch-bag. Then with the receipt crushed between his fingers, wandered about unheeded amid startled figures running or rushing down the corridors, till he found himself in the room where some three months before he had received a kindness from an Emperor, then in the full pomp and grandeur of his power.

All the last friends of the fallen court were there, but not so much high dignitaries—for these took care of themselves—nor Jobuses—they are never to be seen in such moments—as younger men

and modest functionaries, whose fealty had not perhaps been always appreciated in brighter days, but came out true and pure now in this hour of adversity. The appearance of the officer and his travel-stained clothes caused a sensation, and a move was made towards him. A few recognized him despite his bandage, which, now his kepi was off, gave him the look of being turbaned, and they said, "It's Colonel Cœurpreux, who rode next M'Mahon in the charge of the cuirassiers at Reischaffen, and was promoted on the field." They gathered round him eagerly, and inquired of him if he had news:

"You were at Sedan, Colonel; is all really lost?" and it was a gloomy thing to hear these men ask this about a country and a sovereign they loved.

"Yes, all's lost," groaned Cœurpreux, "but the honour of the Emperor, who has been betrayed, and that of our War Office, who had no honour to lose."

"How did the Emperor bear it?"

"Simply, like a man. He was never greater than when he drove through the town with an expression on his face that might have touched the very stones, and gave up his sword to save his army. People will say here that he should have died, but anybody has the courage to die. The courage is to live, and to endure all this," — and he pointed with his hand to the Tuileries Gardens, at the end of which a mob was to be seen approaching with gesticulations and waving of flags.

Count Palikao, the Prime Minister, passed rapidly through the room, and disappeared into a chamber where the Empress was known to be; and all gathered round the windows. The mob were drawing nearer, and the quays could be seen covered with people who had been to the Corps Législatif, where M. Gambetta had been haranguing the multitude, and exhorting it to clamour for the Emperor's deposition. Chevalier Nigra, the Italian Ambassador, entered with a breezy aspect as if nothing particular were happening, and a chaplain asked him if there were any hope. "Hope of what?" answered M. Nigra, cheerfully, and went the way of M. de Palikao, but with a careless, swinging stride, for all this was no great concern of his. Cœurpreux leaned in a window-recess moaning, but as he perceived that the mob swelled and advanced each second like a rising tide, he drew a revolver, and casting a keen look about him, said:

"Gentlemen, I hope we are all prepared

to defend the Empress against yonder curs?"

A silence replied to this question, and one young man alone stepped out with a revolver. The rest had come unarmed. They were faithful to the point of risking death, but not of courting it. Cœurpreux glanced from one to another, as if he could not believe his eyes. Then a great sob escaped him, and he turned with brimming eyes to watch the sea which advanced slowly, and the thin line of soldiers in the private garden below, who would be the only dyke against it. "Our place is with those men there," he said to the young man who was armed; "let us go to them; we shall at least die in good company."

A few of the bystanders winced — in particular, two priests, who would not have grudged their blood, though it was not their duty to shed any. Several moved to follow Cœurpreux; but at this moment a door was opened, and the Empress appeared with one of her ladies-in-waiting, Count Palikao, an aide-de-camp, and one or two other advisers. She was dressed in black, was calm and resigned, and, hearing that firearms had been exhibited, sent to request as a last favour to her that no resistance should be offered. Her Majesty was then told that one of the gentlemen who wished to defend her was Colonel Cœurpreux, and she prayed her aide-de-camp to summon him. M. Cœurpreux arrived with the tears still welling over his eyes — though it was no fault of his, for he struggled hard enough to keep them in — and possibly as he stood before her, with his head bowed and his knees shaking, the Empress recognized the man who had been painted to her by the Jobuses and Cris as a factious subject.

"Colonel, you found your way through the enemy's lines to bring me a letter from the Emperor," she said, in a soft, sad voice. "I thank you, and wish it were still in my power to reward your devotion."

"Madam," murmured Cœurpreux, in words of which each syllable sprang vibrating from his heart, "you can give me the only reward I covet by allowing me to lay down my life for you."

"No, not a drop of French blood must be shed for me," she answered quietly, "nor would I forgive myself for depriving France of a life like yours, Colonel, at a time when brave men are more than ever needed. Still, again I thank you."

And she extended her hand to him with a grateful smile. He dropped on one knee and pressed it to his lips reverentially.

At this juncture Prince Metternich and M. de Lesseps approached quickly. They spoke a few words, but their looks said more than they uttered. The Empress glanced towards the gardens where the crowd had by this time become a host, whose shouts broke loud and imperatively through the stillness of this room filled with expectant courtiers. Her lips quivered faintly for a single instant, and the pallor of her face deepened just enough to show that it was pain, not fear, she felt. Then she turned with queenly self-possession, and made to the loyal few who remained her grandest curtsy—that of the state galas now gone and forgotten amidst other ruins; this was the signal that all was over: the Empire had fallen; the Empress retired, and the friends of the eleventh hour were free to go and see to themselves, their goods and their chattels. They scampered downstairs, putting their best feet foremost, and the palace became a show to the rabble, who presently flooded in, their mouths agape, and filled it from floor to attic with their savoury majesty.

Cœurpreux had heard a few of the words which Prince Metternich had let fall, and he went and stood near the gate of the Louvre opposite the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, where a cab was waiting. In a few minutes the veiled forms of two ladies glided out, and Cœurpreux, though he could not be seen behind the angle where he had sheltered himself, bared his head as they passed. He watched to see that no one recognized or molested the Lady whom M. de Lesseps handed into the fly, and his gaze followed this vehicle as it turned and disappeared with its blinds down, and the Italian ambassador on the box beside the coachman. It would have fared ill, then, with any partisan of equality who should have stood in the horse's way or offered a rude word to the Empress, whom this unconscious hack was drawing into exile, for Cœurpreux was in that mind when to have faced a whole horde of the populace with his solitary sword and revolver, and to have bitterly flung in their teeth their base treason and cowardice, would have been a grim pleasure. But nobody afforded him that satisfaction. The fly jogging along unremarked mingled with other flys; and Cœurpreux emerging from his concealment, went with an aching heart about business of his own. As

he strode down the Rue de Rivoli, not caring much whom he elbowed, it was twenty minutes past three, and the tricolour flag which had been waving eighteen years on the late Imperial palace was hauled down. Two *petit crevés*, or swells of the small French sort, watched this historical occurrence from a corner of the Place des Pyramides, and one, removing his eyeglass the better to see, said to the other: "There go twenty years of jollity." "Yes," sighed the other, "and only to think I used to be fool enough to vote for the opposition just for the fun of the thing." The pair of noble hearts sighed, and went their ways. Cœurpreux shrugged his shoulders, and followed.

One of the most comforting features of French revolutions is, as we have hinted, that although thrones go crash and kings go where they can, the Cris and Jobuses bend their respected heads like reeds, and let the whole whirlwind sweep above without uprooting them. The signboard and landlord of the Inn are changed, but cooks and waiters are the same, and inasmuch as the public depend rather on the cooks and waiters for comfort and good attendance than upon the landlord and the signboard, this may serve to explain why the collapse of many thrones affects less in the general weal than the displacement of a single Jobus might do. Anyhow, when Cœurpreux came to report himself at the War Office, he found there the set of clerks who had just been rolling the army into the chasm, filling up printed papers that were to roll other armies the same way, with their habitual serenity. It was Sunday and they had no need to work; but never mind that; they were always ready to devote themselves to their country's good, especially on a Revolution Sunday, when, if absent, their places might be filled up by other folk. Nothing was altered, save that in the room of the little big clerk, who had received Cœurpreux before, a bust of the Emperor had disappeared in favour of a photograph of General Trochu, and the small clerk informed his visitor that he had foreseen all along how it would end, and that if his—the clerk's—advice had been taken, matters would have turned out very differently. He supposed Colonel Cœurpreux would be asked to form and command a regiment during the siege, but he could give him no orders for the present. He only ventured to warn him (and looked very immaculate in so doing) that he must now moderate

the Bonapartist zeal for which he had been unfavourably conspicuous. The Empire had disgraced itself, and no Frenchman worthy of the name could feel any sympathy for so odious a *régime*: "Odious a *régime*!" echoed Cœurpreux, as the blood mounted to his face. "And who made it odious but you and your likes? Ah, sir clerk, try and give me and others as little of your advice as possible, and the better it will be for us all. When I think that the earth once swallowed up a pair called Dathan and Abiram, and when I see you sitting alive there with that heap of papers, I am inclined to wonder whether we are footing the same globe. Heaven help me!" and he went out slamming the door, and shaking the dust off his feet. The Jobus-clerk, naturally much disgusted, preserved an attitude full of dignity, and on the first opportunity informed General Trochu that a certain Cœurpreux was in all likelihood a Bonapartist conspirator, and might with advantage be despatched to outposts where the shells fell thickest. The General promised to make a note of the matter, and eventually did.

But Cœurpreux's 4th September trials were not over yet. On his way from the War Office back into the noisier parts of Paris, where he hoped to learn for certain who were definitely the new rulers of his country—a point on which, in common with other men who accept new Governments like wind and rain, as they come, he was still doubtful—he crossed a Victoria carrying M. Nepos Lémargeux Desfonds de Cri, an umbrella, and a carpet-bag. M. de Cri checked the driver, and waved the umbrella to attract Cœurpreux's attention. This chivalrous prefect had put away the rosette which used to grace his button-hole, and which of yore he had grovelled so patiently to earn, and he had so arranged things that the title of a republican newspaper peeped over the edge of his breast pocket, herald of his new-born convictions. In this guise he stretched forth his hand to Cœurpreux out of the cab in the midst of the Rue Royale, and gabbled:

"Congratulate me, Commandant—at least, no, you're Colonel now—congratulate me, I'm off."

"Where to—the army?" and the Colonel wondered whether mayhap this person had been stricken with honesty in his declining years, and impelled to do something in defence of the country that had been such an unchanging and untiring milch-cow to him.

"The army? oh, no—I leave that to Bayards like you," sniggered M. de Cri, as if vastly tickled by the notion. "No, I'm off to my prefectship, which has just been confirmed to me by Gambetta; and I may tell you in confidence, that I managed this thing very slyly. Foreseeing, you know, after the first defeat of you gentlemen, how the wind would soon blow, I came up to Paris on the quiet, and entered into relations with all this crew, Favre, Simon, Gambetta. I promised that if there was a republican rising, I would abet them, and play my department into their hands, which of course was all chaff, for if the rising hadn't been successful here I shouldn't have been such a ninny as to start pranks out there, but they took it in. They counted me as one of theirs, and here am I off as a prefect of the Republic to the town where yesterday I was a prefect of the Empire—and I hope for promotion soon. *Sic itur ad astra*—hee, hee!"

"And what will M^{de} de Cri think of this sudden conversion?" asked Cœurpreux with more contempt in his voice than would have served to wither up any other ten men not being hereditary place-hunters.

"Oh, my wife; it's she who advised me to do it all. *Dux famina facit*—hee! hee! You see we've no private fortune, and if I'd lost my place I don't well know what I could have done, for I have saved little—a man who expects to be Cabinet Minister and will be able then to rig the money-market and clear what sums he pleases, doesn't go in for cheese-paring economies, you know; so my wife said to me, 'Make the best of our national disasters: it's an ill wind blows *nobody* good;' and, as you perceive, that is true enough, for there are plenty of folk will be housed well to-night who were not much to look at yesterday."

Cœurpreux turned cruelly sick at heart. On an ordinary trimmer he would not have wasted a breath of scorn—nor so much as a shrug—disdaining such vermin as a sportsman does rats; but that Violette's husband should be a man of this class, and that he should have inoculated with his sordid principles a woman who had been true and pure before she had been sold to him in bondage, was a pang indeed. Yet Cœurpreux had the comfort of believing that M. de Cri lied ignobly, and that Violette had never consented to the impudent barter of conscience which her husband laid to her charge. But in this he was mistaken.

Wedded to him, Violette would have endured poverty without a murmur, and scaled with a glad brave heart any heights of heroism and self-sacrifice to which he had chosen to lead her. But poverty along with M. de Cri was a very different story, and Violette had really asked her husband to make what he could of the general ruin which was bowing all patriotic heads in shame. This would seem to show that heroism, like other plants, needs special soils to make it thrive, and that wives are but as looking-glasses in which their husband's souls are reflected with more or less fidelity. M. de Cri's soul being a dingy one, Violette's partook of it in many domestic features. This is not poetry, but it is the truth which meets us at every step; and had it not been so—that is, had Violette wished to remain heroic after her marriage to one like M. de Cri, she must have become a faithless wife, which is a dilemma worth brooding over by moralists great and small.

IV.

Two years and a half sped by, and, just a twelvemonth ago now, at the beginning of the year 1873, it began to be bruited in the prosperous town of Seinebourg that General Cœurpreux, who commanded the district, would shortly marry M^{me}. de Cri, née Violette Desprès, the widow of the late lamented Prefect. People were still full of the details of M. de Cri's untimely death, and of the imposing funeral which had been decreed him out of the public taxes. At the time when the Commune was raging in Paris, the striking (or, as they are by some humorously called, the "working") classes of Seinebourg had tried to get up a similar institution for themselves, and might have succeeded but for General Cœurpreux. Before he had time to parley with them or adopt their views to save his precious life, the Communists slew M. de Cri with an accidental bullet. Whereon orations in his honour were solemnly pronounced in the National Assembly; a pension was voted to his widow; and the municipal council of Seinebourg, escorted by a whole regiment, with muffled drums and arms reversed followed him to his grave, where soon after a monument was erected on which a local journalist proposed to inscribe the words, "*Sta, viator, martyrem calcas!*" There are men whose luck attends them beyond the tomb. After hoaxing mankind in this life, they bam-

boozle it through ages to come by means of perjured epitaphs.

As for General Cœurpreux, he was the man who had covered himself with what little glory was gleaned during the siege of Paris. He had fought, not talked. His regiment went to battle without bragging, and returned always thinned, but never daunted. The War-Office clerks opined that it was scandalous a man should rise from Captain to General of Brigade in less than two years, and they busied themselves actively to get him shorn of some of the honours he had earned whilst they sat by their fireside, hoping with brotherly unanimity they might soon be called in their official capacities to record his death. But the Commission which was appointed to revise the distinctions conferred during the war rose bareheaded when Cœurpreux was introduced, and the General who presided handed him his commission ratified by the signatures of the entire Board. The Provisional Republic sent him to command at Seinebourg, and Cœurpreux accepted the appointment because he considered the Republic a provisional one and nothing more. He made no secret of his opinions on this head, and continued to speak of Napoleon III. as Emperor, without prefixing an "ex." Had the Republic been consolidated, his good friends the clerks would have had the gratification of writing to request he would resign; as it was, the big people of Versailles kept a watchful eye on him, and booked him mentally as a dangerous man, who must be tolerated for his good services, but shelved as soon as feasible.

Perhaps, in truth, Cœurpreux's conduct was not quite prudent. In his rooms he hung portraits of the Emperor, the Empress, and the Prince Imperial. Three times a year—that is, towards the 16th March, the 15th August, and the 15th November—he applied for a week's leave, and went to Chislehurst, with a bouquet of violets made in Paris and of a yard's circumference. He offered this fête-day tribute to the exiled family, and assured them of his unwavering devotion; then he returned, and if people asked him where he had been, he replied simply: "To do homage to my Sovereign." Seinebourg was a righteous town, which drove an honest trade and went to church when it had time; but it did not understand chivalry pushed to this length. It had given the Emperor an enthusiastic reception once when he had visited the town, and witnessed with unmixed satis-

faction the prosecution of journalists who assailed his rule. By-and-by it had vouchsafed a reception equally enthusiastic to M. Thiers, and watched with undiminished pleasure the chastisement of scribes who cavilled at this new state of things. If the Emperor had returned, there would have been a third reception, quite as enthusiastic as the two preceding ones; but pending this consummation, it was idle to express opinions which were, at best, premature, and which might interfere with the due profits of business. So Seinebourg, as represented by its commercial men, who are the salt of this world, eyed their General rather askance, but contrived to be civil in their tones when they talked to him of the Napoleons, for Cœurpreux had an awkward trick of frowning if there was any slip of the tongue in apportioning the responsibilities of the war's disasters; and it was known that he had handled a republican big-wig somewhat unceremoniously. Said the big-wig: "Monsieur de Sedan must have more pluck than I should give him credit for, if he hopes ever to put us under his heel again." This was at a dinner: Cœurpreux stared him in the face, and answered: "May I inquire what you were doing whilst he whom you call M. de Sedan was under fire of the Prussian batteries?" The big-wig looked much shocked, for it so chanced that he had been engaged at the time in question in writing a series of newspaper articles on the degeneracy of the French army; but he declined furnishing this explanation, or indeed continuing the conversation in any way, for there was no knowing but that with such an unmannerly person it might lead to an encounter in the field, and to France becoming by one republican the poorer — which was a catastrophe by no means to be desired.

It will naturally be supposed that to recompense him for his disfavour amid the republicans, General Cœurpreux passed among Bonapartists of all sizes and denominations for a trusty knight, and was well beloved; but this would argue small knowledge of the human mind as politics do fashion it. The most active men in state factions are those who have most interest in the game, and those who are most interested are seldom, if ever, those who are most nice. Cœurpreux was a Bonapartist, but his loyalty did not extend to all the weedy people whom the Bonapartes had delighted to honour. He said some very rough things about cer-

tain of these gentlemen, asserting that he would rather see the Emperor in exile than have him return with some of his old advisers, for that at Chislehurst at least his honour was safe; whereas on the throne, and acting as the tool of sundry personages he could mention, his fair fame was slurred by all the foolish and villanous deeds committed in his name. This was not pleasant to hear. Such of the Jobuses and Cris as had not been able to secure posts under the Republic, and were consequently loud in proclaiming that they would scorn to accept such if offered, insinuated at Chislehurst, even as they had done at St. Cloud, that this Cœurpreux was a man of crafty mood, whose pretended staunchness was nothing but a device for being amply recompensed when the Empire returned. Probably he aspired to be a senator or war minister — for there is no knowing where the ambition of such men will stop: meantime they gave him a wide berth, and thanked Providence they were not as he was — which was wise on their part, for a soul like Cœurpreux's is not that which pays best here below. Altogether, if Cœurpreux had reckoned all the people who were his true friends, he might easily have computed the total with the fingers of one hand. But what did he care? His conscience let him rest, and Violette admired him with all her heart — this was quite enough for his desires.

He went to see Violette every day, and the love which had lain in abeyance during the years of her marriage grew and ripened. Cœurpreux's character was a wonder and a study for the woman he worshipped; and comparing it with that of her late lord, so unhappily deceased, she would fall into reveries how it was possible that two men could be so unlike. It has been said she was frivolous, and doubtless till she came to know her lover well, never suspected there was stainless honour anywhere but in story-books. M. de Cri used to talk of stainless honour, rectitude of purpose, unsullied principles, &c., at public banquets, and the salaried newspaper of the prefecture used to write of stainless honour at so much a column. But M. de Cri would put off his stainless honour when he got home, as he did his silver-laced coat, and the salaried journalist of the prefecture was a poor rogue, who sold himself to the highest bidder. Sometimes Violette heard two men dubbed men of honour because they had quarrelled and fought about a ballet dancer who was faithless to them with a

third. And at other times she saw men of honour who had eloped with other men of honour's wives. There were women of honour who sold their daughters to dilapidated but rich debauchees, girls of honour who submitted very willingly to the sale, and priests of honour who blessed the transaction in the name of heaven. There were financiers of honour who signed the prospectuses of bubble companies; statesmen of honour who truckled to the people with false flatteries; and electors of honour who bartered their votes for what they could fetch. These were the beings of honour amongst whom Violette's acquaintance had always lain; and she had somehow learned to define a man without honour as one without money. She could not at first get used to Cœurpreux's way of dealing with people whom she had been wont to reverence; it was as if he had knocked together a number of sham bronze statues, and they had all smashed in the process, revealing their composition to be only bad plaster. She heard of his doing great and generous things in a secret way, and he would never own to them, nor talk about them. He shook the hands of people he esteemed with a grip of iron, and smiled to them with his whole face; but to persons he mistrusted he was barely civil, no matter how much gold lace they might sport on their swallow-tails. To Violette, however, he was gentle and kind, always submissive; and, though she was aware of how poor an idea he entertained of the martyred M. de Cri, he never alluded to him with disrespect—in fact, never alluded to him at all but once, and this was on the day when she had promised to marry him so soon as her second year's widowhood should be completed. They were sitting together. He coughed a little; then, with some shyness, touched upon money matters, and expressed a wish that she should resign the pension she had of Government, and, indeed, all other monies—the sum was slight—bequeathed her by M. de Cri. He suffered visibly during the explanation this entailed; but it came to this, that M. de Cri's earnings did not seem to him very clean things. He had pocketed salaries all his life by changing his opinions as fast as his interests required it; and, applied to minor operations in finance, this sort of thing was called obtaining money under false pretences. The phrase was not a euphonious one; but truth never was euphonious. For all this, Cœurpreux said nothing

to wound Violette, and she consented to everything, as women will do for the men they love. If the lamented M. de Cri could have risen from the grave and beheld his wife promising so cheerfully to denude herself—she who had cost him a tidy fortune in dresses, and had never failed to draw her pin-money when it became due, and occasionally in advance—he might have indulged in some ghostly meditations on the ways of women and the difficulty of fathoming their natures.

So it was agreed that on the 18th of March, the day after he should have returned from carrying the Prince Imperial's birthday bouquet to Chislehurst, Cœurpreux should take Violette to wife, and never more part from her.

"It is now the 2nd of January, Violette," he said fondly; "and do you know, when I think of the happiness in store for me, I feel sure that, could I have foreseen it years ago, I should have worked so as to be a field-marshal by this time, or turned coward for fear of being cut off from you."

"And if I could have foreseen it, I would have striven to be more worthy of you than I am," she answered, looking up into his eyes; and her own brimmed as she did so, for she never thought of his long constancy to her without being moved to the heart.

Cœurpreux went off to review his men, riding spiritedly down the red-trowsered lines, and scanning them with pride when they executed their movements as soldiers should do, smartly and without blunder. He gave the colonels under him some trouble; and the soldiers would not have liked him the less if he had marched them about less often. But General Cœurpreux was no idler, and had never earned his pay by lolling about with his hands in his pockets. Besides, at this period, he had most significant reasons for seeing that his men drilled well. It is pretty well known at this time by all who care to know it, that in the month of January of the year 1873 the Bonapartists had determined upon attempting a *coup-de-main* in the month of March, and that the operation which the Emperor underwent at the beginning of January was intended to enable him to ride on horseback and re-enter France, as his uncle had done after his escape from Elba. The Emperor had affirmed that he would delegate to no one else the honour of heading the movement, and it was understood that some six weeks after the operation he would be in

a position to ride. Several generals had been sounded, and amongst them Cœurpreux. The wire-pullers of the party would have done little for our friend after the victory; but he was a useful man before and during the struggle, so their words were sweeter than honey from the honeycomb. Cœurpreux's answer was plain:

"I regard the Emperor as the lawful sovereign of France, until the last plebiscite shall have been cancelled. If his Majesty lands in France, I shall call upon my men to rally round him; if they mutiny, I will go alone; and if we fail, I shall give myself up to these Republicans, or whatever else they call themselves, and let them shoot me at their leisure."

This is why the Imperialist soldier kept a quick eye to the marching and counter-marching, and was precise in seeing all the movements that concern firing and charging with bayonets practised repeatedly, until perfection was attained. There could have been no more enlivening sight for a true republican, knowing what was in General Cœurpreux's mind, than to have seen these nimble red-trowsers strutting and wheeling under the General's direction, kneeling, loading, discharging, and doubling forward with bayonets fixed, as if they were already sweeping Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and the entire rights of man off the globe's surface.

It was on the afternoon of the 9th January that, returning to his quarters in very hopeful spirits after a few hours' manœuvring, which had fairly worn out every one save himself, Cœurpreux was greeted by the orderly, who wore a blank, scared look as he helped him to dismount. Bad tidings come always suddenly, and the soldier's face was that of a messenger of woe: "General, have you heard the news?" he asked, holding out in a trembling hand a special edition of a cheap paper.

"What news?"

"The Emperor's dead, General."

Cœurpreux had half swung himself out of the saddle, but the announcement struck him like a bullet; he reeled and would have fallen, but for the orderly who caught him by the arm and sustained him.

"Thank you," he stammered; "it'll be nothing. Where's the paper?" And he walked in, passing his hand over his forehead, and stepping unsteadily. A child might have knocked him down.

The news caused little commotion at

Seinebourg, or anywhere else in France. Out of sight, out of mind, is never so true as in the case of French Emperors; but people noticed not without sympathy that General Cœurpreux appeared in deep mourning, and in uniform wore a crape round his arm. He was depressed and silent, too, and as soon as the day for the funeral was fixed, the clerks at the War Office received, unsealed, and perused this letter, which had a deep black border:

*"To His Excellency General de Cissey,
War Minister."*

"12th January."

"GENERAL — I have the honour to solicit of you a week's leave, in order that I may attend the funeral of the Emperor, and pay to him my last tribute of veneration and gratitude. Pray receive, &c..

"JEAN CŒURPREUX."

The clerks stamped the letter, filed it, laughed at it among themselves, and answered it in this wise: —

"To M. le Général de Brigade Cœurpreux."

"GENERAL — In answer to your letter of the 12th, I am directed to inform you that an order will be issued in to-morrow's *Journal Officiel*, refusing leave to all officers to attend the ex-Emperor's funeral. A few exceptions will perhaps be made to this rule, but after giving the matter his most anxious consideration, General de Cissey does not judge it expedient to include your name among them.

"Pray receive the assurance of my deep respect,
Z. JOBUS-HURLANT."

Post for post came back this, again with a black border: —

*"To His Excellency General de Cissey,
War Minister."*

"GENERAL — I respectfully beg you will accept my resignation. The Emperor did too much for me whilst he was alive for me to forget what is owing to his memory now that he is dead.

"I have the honour to be your Excellency's obedient servant,

"JEAN CŒURPREUX."

And lest the small incidents of history should be forgotten, which ought not to be, seeing that of them is made up the fate of empires, let us cut out this slip from the *Journal Officiel*:

— "M. le Général de Brigade Jean Cœurpreux, Commander of the Legion of Honour, &c., has tendered his resignation."

"ARMY APPOINTMENTS. — Colonel de

Cri-Hurlant to be General of Brigade in command at Seinebourg vice General Cœurpreux; Lieut.-Col Jobus to be Colonel; Commandant Jobus-Cri to be Lieut.-Col.; Captain Jobus-Hurlant to be Commandant, &c."

General Cœurpreux attended the funeral at Chislehurst, and was among the foremost of those who did homage to the Prince Impérial in the levee held at Camden Place after the sad ceremony was over. He returned to France with a trainful and a boatful of passengers who had gone on the same pilgrimage as himself; but several of whom wondered naïvely that he should have thrown up his commission for such a purpose. They had few of them sacrificed anything themselves, and they prophesied that some of his brother-officers might resent his conduct as an affectation of being more disinterested and virtuous than themselves, which is always inexpedient. Cœurpreux found that many of his brother-officers did take this convenient view of the case, as was natural. Was it to be considered, forsooth, that they were less mindful of past favour, because they were less quixotic? Quixotic is a useful word. If we could marshal into column all those who have snubbed others by its means from doing kind and noble things, and all those who have been so snubbed, what a pair of imposing hosts they would make on the march of modern progress!

But we may conclude that Cœurpreux was consoled by Violette, who judged the matter as he did, though all these events indeed retarded her marriage for some months. Cœurpreux did not consider it seemly to marry within half a year of a bereavement which he mourned for as when his father had died. Moreover, being now reduced to his half-pay and his savings—the which for one so open-handed as he were not considerable—he would apply, he said, for appointment on the Bonapartist press, in order that he might defend the dynasty he loved with his pen until the time came for championing it again with his sword. Assuredly, when the Jobuses and the Cris saw him embark on this venture, which is the forlorn hope of political outcasts, they must have rejoiced exceedingly one and all, and hoped that before long the Government of M. Thiers might be moved to imprison him at Ste. Pélagie. And maybe they promised each other a banquet to celebrate this auspicious day, for it is good to be merry in season.

v.

BUT the turns in fortune's wheel are more numerous than even the Jobuses who feed on the budget; and about the beginning of June last, an erect man in evening dress, but wearing black gloves, might have been seen descending at early morning from a fly at the gate of the Prefecture of Versailles, where Marshal M'Mahon, the new President of the Republic, was lodged. He entered the door well known to suitors and reporters during M. Thiers's well-meaning reign, and exhibited a letter of audience to the aide-de-camp on duty.

"The President has summoned me to a private audience at ten o'clock," he said.

"This way, General," answered the aide-de-camp; and within a few minutes General Cœurpreux stood alone with his old chief, who looked at him and shook his head.

"Did not I warn you, Cœurpreux, not to dabble in anything that might displease anybody—politics especially, which are no game for us soldiers?"

"Till we become Presidents," answered Cœurpreux, with a grave smile, as he bowed and pressed the hand which the hero of Magenta extended to him.

"Yes, till we become Presidents—that's it; but we can't all be Presidents." And the Marshal's iron features relaxed about the lips, though it is chiefly with eyes that he usually smiles. "Now listen, Cœurpreux: I hear you were going to be married; and my advice is, don't delay about that ceremony, for your wife will keep you out of mischief. And see here—there was some informality in your resignation; so it is cancelled, and I have signed you a new commission; but if I hear of your meddling again in state business"—and here the Marshal paused and frowned—"I give you my word I'll put you in a Government office, and if that doesn't make you less of a rebel, I don't know what will."

"I am not likely to rebel against your Excellency," responded Cœurpreux, whose face lighted up as he received his commission.

"No, but you must let the clerks alone, now that they're under my wing. Ah, yes, I know what you're going to say: that you can never forget, and will be always faithful, I know; but you had better be off, or they'll say we're plotting for Napoleon IV. together."

"I had rather we plotted for Napoleon

IV. in March, 1874, when he will be of age to govern; and if your Excellency decides to do so then, remember to count me among the fighting conspirators," rejoined the incorrigible Bonapartist.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SCEPTICISM AND MODERN POETRY.

THERE are doubts and doubts. Not so many, perhaps, as is generally supposed, of those "honest" ones in which there lives—according to Tennyson—"more faith than half the creeds." It has, in fact, become the fashion in certain quarters to over-compassionate the doubter, to accredit him with a greater depth, and even with a more thorough conscientiousness, than the man convinced. But with every desire to find the reasonableness of such a view, we have entirely failed to discover why the holding of a creed should imply a smaller share either of intelligence or honesty than the holding of a doubt. Credulity has its negative side as well as its positive one, and there is as much room to slip on the one side as on the other. Clough—himself the most conscientious of poetical sceptics—admits, that if on the one hand "hopes are dupes," on the other "fears may be liars;" and, in short, there is no good reason, other things being equal, for supposing that the man who rejects evidence may not be quite as great a fool as the man who accepts it. Creeds, no doubt, are easily adopted. We in a sense fall heirs to them. They lie about us from our very infancy, and as soon as we are able to think, they are recommended to us by those whom we very naturally respect. In this way, it is not to be denied that we are apt to creep into them with only too little inquiry. But on the other hand, are the great majority of doubts not only equally weak at the root and held with infinitely more self-complacency, not to say conceit? Search faith for its foundations, and in too many cases we daresay they will be found loose and flimsy enough: but subject doubt to a like scrutiny—strip it of all the mystical generalities it seeks to clothe itself in, and the pensive poetical sadness it so frequently affects—and in all but the rare exceptions, you will find that it is neither more nor less than our old friend Sir Oracle in a new disguise. The philosophy that questions everything with a regretful necessitous

air, and a sorrowful shake of the head, passes with too many for originality, and even profundity, until the trick is found out. That there are honest doubts, however, and honest doubters, we do not mean to question—godly doubters even—doubters of the order of "that white soul," as a living poet so beautifully says of Socrates—

Which sat beneath the laurels day by day,
And, fired with burning faith in God and Right,
Doubted men's doubts away—

doubters whose doubts ultimately tend to broaden and deepen the foundations of faith rather than undermine them. Doubt of this description is but faith's handmaid, and to whom faith is perpetually indebted, whether it has the candour to acknowledge the debt or not. In a certain sense it is the test of truth itself, and no faith is worth the name that cannot pass through its fires unscathed.

Perhaps there has been nothing more suicidal to the real interests of religion than the shallow theology which without distinction, and without a hearing, bundles all scepticism into that too convenient limbo of certain minds to which are relegated the works of the devil. The easiness of the process might itself cast a doubt on its efficiency.

For on the supposition even that the classification is correct, and that scepticism without discrimination might be put down in the diabolical category, those who know the devil best—or at least the spiritual difficulty his name is made to represent—know well, that he is not to be balked in this way by a mere wave of the hand.

In fact there is no question as to whether we shall be troubled with doubt or not: we must. In a mixed world of good and evil, a state of things is not even conceivable that would afford "no hinge or loop to hang a doubt on." The world where it is not, must be one either altogether sacred to truth, or wholly abandoned to lies. Doubt and faith live under the same imperfect conditions, and the point at which one dies, the other also and consequently dies. And if the necessity of the case could only teach the impossible purist who wishes to ignore the existence of doubt altogether, to look it more steadily and honestly and thoughtfully in the face, where he has found only the devil before, he might possibly discover the presence of God as well, in the periodical recurrence of the doubter in the history of all living

faith. The damage that "honest" doubt can do to the real supports of faith must ever be trivial; while its use in knocking away the conventional props of it is inestimable. The common and easy acceptance by the many of that rather vulgar personage—the regulation Mephistopheles of poetry and the drama—has probably done a good deal in modern times to instruct that prevailing incapacity to disassociate the questioning spirit from the diabolical. But in order to see that such a conclusion is the shallowest of generalities, the weakest of confusions, it is only necessary to fall back on the history of Christianity itself. The most important of truths were doubts once. Those soul certainties which men can plant their feet upon, and feel with Milton that—

If this fail
The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble—

were nearly all dangerous heresies at one period of their history. The strength of the Christian religion in our day is as much indebted to her heretics as to her saints; or rather, should we say the maturer verdict of time in many cases has pronounced these two titles to be one?

But, however gladly men may acknowledge the existence of these honest doubts, which, closely looked into, are but the transitional phases of faith, they must also admit that these are few compared to the unnumbered host of doubts which have little or no root in conscience, and which appear rather to proceed from a self-satisfied indifference to any faith at all. This kind of doubt has none of the troubles that afflict the genuine and honest article. Its deepest pains seem to be readily assuaged in a kind of sentimental and *quasi*-philosophical regret.

It is mostly this half-hearted and half-affected variety of doubt that has taken a poetical form in modern times, and the fact to us affords a perfectly sufficient reason why a great deal of the poetry produced under such conditions has never risen above mediocrity. There are perhaps few things in themselves more irrevocably prosaic than doubt. Few on the other hand, more evocative of the poetic faculty, or more susceptible of poetical treatment than faith.

Doubt disintegrates, disperses, repels. Faith attracts and knits together. It acts as a kind of centre of gravitation in the planetary system of things ideal, controlling the most erratic of orbits: standing

to the intellect in much the same overmastering relation that Cressida's love stood to all her other feelings, when she declares—

My love
Is as the very centre of the earth
Drawing all things to it.

Faith is the tonic of the poetical scale, the key-note to which the most wildly discursive imagination must return in the end before the ear can rest satisfied. Hence we have absolutely no poetry in which doubt is anything like the central or dominant interest; while we have, as in the Hebrew poetry, as gorgeous palaces as imagination ever sanctified, whose material is supplied and whose genius is inspired from faith alone. When doubt is made use of at all in poetry, as in that highest quotable example, the Book of Job, it is introduced more as a foil to faith—the intense shadow of an intenser light—a wrestler brought into the arena only to be overthrown by his mightier opponent. Doubt can command no prolonged sympathy, and consequently can find no permanent footing in any of the higher places of poetry. Faith, on the contrary, seems to clothe itself with poetry without effort; attracts all poetry to it as a seemingly natural consequence; interwinds and interweaves its life with it, until—to use the strong Shakespearean phrase—the two have "grown together," and their parting would be "a tortured body." They are the dermis and the epidermis of the ideal anatomy, and their severance means mutilation. Poetry can find no more than a partial and passing attraction in anything that is doubtful; she is at best but a stranger and a pilgrim in the debatable land. Her final election and abiding home is faith. She clings to faith as a child to a mother, and will not be shaken off, as plainly as if she had declared, once for all, *thy God shall be my God, and thy people my people.*

The poetical scepticism of the present day has of course retired from the gloomy atheism of the beginning of the century. The old controversies, deistical and theistical, have nearly died out in literature. The world at length seems to have lost patience with the philosophy that does not at least postulate a god of some kind or another to begin with; at all events, any such philosophy has been left high and dry by the poetical tide of the present generation. And, to tell the truth, there was no choice. One or other must perish: they could not live together.

The dewless desert of blank and barren denial was no place for the gentle muse. Imagination cannot breathe its atmosphere and live. And yet, though not present themselves, these old controversies have left us an inheritance. The times have changed, and we have changed with them. The gloomy, not to say stagey atheism that had a certain fascination for the youth of thirty or forty years ago, has given place in our day to a refined and vaguely idealistic pantheism, which, without any of the old obtrusion of unbelief (it has even a kind of niggardly recognition of a personal God about it), still exercises a limiting influence on poetry—a weaker solution of the strong waters of atheism, not so objectionable as the old form, on account of what it admits of evil, as of what it excludes of good. Without attempting any hard-church definition of its influence—and indeed we question much if many of its poetical exponents themselves could give a perfectly lucid account of what they believe and what they do not believe—we are yet of opinion that it puts a limitation on genius, and especially on poetical genius, in nearly the same proportion that it falls short of a definite faith.

Leaving all moral considerations out of sight as not within our province, it seems to be necessary, for æsthetical reasons alone, that the poet, of all other artists, should possess a belief that shall at least be clear to himself. Above all other men it behoves him, in the words of one of the greatest of his brotherhood, to be—

One in whom persuasion and belief
Has ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition.

There is a certain degree of heat at which language fuses, and becomes the possible vehicle of poetical feeling, and the point of liquefaction is never registered below conviction, but above it. We do not say conviction is all that is necessary. Oxygen itself would quickly consume life, yet a man must consume oxygen to live. Conviction alone will not produce poetry, but it is an essential component of the atmosphere in which alone poetry can be sustained. At the degree in the mental thermometer which chronicles conviction, the possibility of poetry begins. Anything below that lacks one of the first conditions of its existence.

The poetry that has been produced without due regard to this essential quality,

has seldom outlived its own generation; and, in fact, any attempt to get the materials of poetry out of half belief, argues a defective poetical perception at the outset.

It is possible indeed, leaping to the opposite extreme, to get something like poetry out of the gigantic and passionate denial of Satan himself, as Milton has abundantly proved; or even, to a certain degree, out of the pagan abhorrence of the God of Christianity, as illustrated by a living poet. For, waiving altogether any question as to the moral fitness of rehabilitating even under an impersonal or dramatic mask that which, in the hearing of the majority of his audience, can only be regarded as flat blasphemy, there can be no doubt that Mr. Swinburne has reached his highest poetical possibility in what we may classify as his ethnical poems. Without troubling ourselves about whether the inspiration comes from above or below, there is a force about his audacious profanity that we do not so readily find in his other efforts. Good or bad, Mr. Swinburne's capacity for blasphemy is unquestionably *une qualité*, as the French would say, with their subtle substratum of meaning.

In the hands of a poet like Milton, the Titanic war against heaven is capable of a certain amount of diabolical picturesqueness; but the merely human unbelief, the distracting doubt, and the shuffling ingenuity that nibbles at this creed and that without arriving at any definite conviction of its own, is the most unpoetical thing in the world.

No amount of artistic skill can make its effusions pleasing. Seeking sympathy and finding none, they seem to be all conceived in the melancholy minor, without any of the natural plaintiveness of that key, and with a double share of its hopeless dejection. There appears to be a place in the realms of the imagination for either God or devil; but upon the Laodicean lukewarmness, upon the apathetic neutrality that is neither cold nor hot, poetry turns her back.

To trace the effects of scepticism, and the stern limitation put upon poetical genius by the want of that faith which ripens into Wordsworth's "passionate intuition," would open up too wide a field, extending as it does through all the infinite phases and degrees of doubt, from the first shadowy suggestion down to the ultimate utter denial. But that each step downward is hurtful in its degree, whatever disguise it assumes, could be

easily proved. Even the affectation of atheism, as in much of Byron's poetry, is an artistic expedient fraught with infinite danger to the user of it. Although one feels that the atheism of Byron is not real, but in most cases a mere stage property, one gets thoroughly sick of it before all his scowling heroes: the Laras, the Corsairs, the Giaours are painted in on the same gloomy and threadbare background — a varied fugue on the one everlasting theme — a change of costume, but the same old unhallowed anatomy visibly sticking through. Nothing short of the genius of Byron could have achieved even a partial success with such a clogging nightmare on its back.

It is perhaps not to be so much regretted that atheism should prove such a complete extinguisher to anything like second-rate poetical power, as that it should have sometimes dragged down to the second place gifts that should have ranked with the highest. It overshadows the resplendent genius of Shelley like a black thunder-cloud above a rainbow, and gives everything he has left behind him a phantasmagoric and evanescent character. Reading his works is like walking through the dream-like palace of Kubla Khan. On every side, and in such profusion as has never been approached by man, lie the potentialities of poetry, but yet in a great measure only the potentialities. He has left no palace behind him worthy of his genius or his materials. If ever mortal had the materials, and the power of the enchanter to call them forth, it was he. No one ever possessed in a greater degree the faculty of bringing himself *en rapport* with the hallucination of the moment.

Images of the most ethereal tenuity, that would have presented themselves to other men's minds in some vague and nebulous way, stood forth to the order of that imperial imagination with the distinctness and precision of objective realities. And yet with all this power he is still but the enchanter. Wherever you go it is fairy-world still, and affords no solid ground for mortal foot; and though you cannot resist its haunting beauty, you are equally haunted by a sense of its almost ghastly unreality. The kindred points of heaven and home are even more nearly akin than they are commonly supposed. Shelley's inability to conceive a heaven with a god in it to whom he could pay reverence, seemed to drain away all humanness and homeliness out of him, until his poetry became quite as unearthly

as his adverse critics judged it unheavenly. Starving one side of his moral nature, the other side was supersaturated, and rendered morbid by an overflow of the imaginative secretions that should have fed both. This insubstantial characteristic of his work was unfortunately one upon which Shelley rather prided himself. Writing to a friend, he says he "does not deal in flesh and blood." "You might as well," says he, "go to a gin-shop for a leg of mutton, as expect anything earthly from me." That want of fixity, too, which the absence of central faith invariably induces, that want of a peaceable mental anchorage — the green pastures and the still waters of the Hebrew poet, with whom, however, he has so much in common — acts as a continual drag on his powers. There is a provoking absence of that massive and leonine repose which usually consorts with the greatest gifts, and which one naturally looks for as a concomitant of his. But we look for it in vain. He was always in an ecstasy, in the somewhat lost but literal meaning of the word — always *out of himself*. If his genius had a fault, it was too impressionable. The merest mouthful of the Delphian vapour put him into fits. He was ever on the tripod, and is only a modern incarnation of that priestess of Apollo, mentioned by Plutarch, who raved herself to death in the temple. His Pegasus in this way was good for a short run, but had little waiting power. Consequently, the defect does not interfere with the perfection of his shorter lyrics, which are simply unique and unapproached; but its limiting influence is painfully apparent in all his works (though less marked in the Cenci) that require any long sustained effort. The deficiency was one well understood and keenly felt by Shelley himself. In a letter to Godwin, he says, — "I cannot but be conscious, in much of what I write, of an absence of that tranquillity which is the attribute and accompaniment of power."

Sad indeed that this defect, this want of reference to the fundamental key-note of power, should have marred the music of such an otherwise heavenly instrument.

That the atheism — or at least the pantheism — of Shelley, was a mental unsoundness of a constitutional and hereditary kind, does not, we think, admit of a doubt. In these days of irresponsible faultiness, studded over with dipso- and klepto-maniacs, when so many are anxious to prove that we are "villains by

necessity," as Shakespeare would have put it,—"fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers by spherical predominance,"—we have often wondered that some charitable *doctrinaire* with a scientific turn of mind has never started his atheo-maniac. If the world could be convinced—and there is no lack of plausible argument to prove it—that the different degrees of unbelief are frequently no more than the varied phases of mental disorder, and that absolute atheism itself, in the vast majority of cases, is only an irresponsible mania, proceeding from sheer intellectual defect,—if we could only have it settled that our sceptics, and more especially our cultured and scientific sceptics, are what they are by "a divine thrusting on," they might possibly be taught to hold their views with a little more humbleness of mind than they have hitherto done. In Shelley's case, atheism was a thing that ran in the blood. His father seems to have had a fame for eccentricity in the direction of profanity, and was said to have been a disciple of the Chesterfield and Rochefoucauldean school; while Shelley himself declares—in an unpublished letter quoted by Mr. Rosetti—that his grandfather, old Sir Bysshe, "was a complete atheist, and founded all his hopes on annihilation."

To a somewhat similar cause—the want of any deep-rooted conviction in the author's mind—may be attributed, we think, a great deal of that watery and Wertherly instability that characterizes too many of Goethe's heroes, although in his case in a more modified degree. Goethe's unbelief did not kick at heaven as Shelley's did in the Prometheus. His scepticism was of a milder and more passive type, or perhaps it might be more accurately described as a kind of moral *juste milieu*, with a singular inaccessibility to attraction on one side or the other. His moral sense was insulated, so to speak—encased by a coating of intellect which was an absolute non-conductor. There is no better representative than he of the spirit described by Tennyson as

Holding no form of creed,
But contemplating all.

With less of this power to maintain an attitude of moral neutrality, Goethe's own character, as well as that of many of those he created, would have been much more humanly and poetically complete. His shortcoming in the direction of personal faith cannot be kept down, and is

continually cropping out in his heroes. In many of the leading men he has drawn there is hardly any strong moral aspiration, and in some no discoverable preference or predilection whatever. The only exception to this we can think of is in the character of "Goetz von Berlichingen," and that was a production almost of the author's boyhood, or at least at an age before men have begun to question or doubt. There was evidently a lurking suspicion in Goethe's maturer mind that anything like well-defined religious views in a man argued weakness, and weakness was the one vice Goethe abhorred, even to a weakness. But that he was equally well convinced, on the other hand, that no feminine character could possibly be complete without such views, may be as safely inferred. His women are singularly rich by the very excess of those qualities of faith and trust so conspicuously wanting in his men.

This absence of any kind of moral partiality in the author found its counterpart in the moral tenuity and aimless vacillation of Werther, Egmont, Wilhelm Meister, and Faust. Beside the intense purpose of Shakespeare's heroes, such men as these are little better than shadows. Even in the presence of Shakespeare's secondary characters—of his villains even—we are never altogether out of an atmosphere of faith. Among the very worst there is an implied recognition of God, a power without and beyond them, in an accusing if not approving conscience.

Without any of that modern moral attitudinizing that pirouettes on a pivot of its own self-consciousness (and which the world could so well do without), no man's work carries upon it more clearly and unmistakably the marks of an overruling conviction and a dominant purpose. So evident is this quality in Shakespeare's works that one might almost imagine that—like every fresh effort of Haydn's genius—they were commenced with prayer and carried out under the power of old Herbert's motto—

Think the king sees thee still, for his King
does.

Perhaps the most striking illustration in more modern times of the manner in which the poetical faculty may be over-ridden and paralyzed by the action of doubt, is to be found in the life and writings of Arthur Hugh Clough. The more his life is studied, the more it appears to rise above the common conventionality

of doubt, and to represent the highest possible phase of conscientious scepticism—one, indeed, of those sacrificial souls which the Creator seems to throw from Him at intervals into the ocean of religious opinion to keep the waters in a healthy fermentation, and save them from stagnating by tradition, or freezing by convention into mere lifeless forms. His case presents many unique and interesting points. Differing from Shelley, inasmuch as the very elements left out in Shelley's half-human composition were amongst Clough's most conspicuous endowments,—the social side of genius—its simple homeliness, and the keenness of its human sympathies—was in him beautifully complete. Differing, again, from the scepticism of Goethe—for Clough's moral predilections were strong, and anything like indifference was with him impossible—his scepticism seemed rather to rise out of an almost morbid over-keenness and over-sensitiveness to the requirements of conscience. With a strong and perpetual craving for some solid ground of belief, he would yet have no part of his faith at second hand. Following Clough's career from his school-days at Rugby onwards, it is a melancholy and even a humiliating thing to find how much even of the unseen and spiritual force of a great man's mind is overruled by the irresponsible circumstance of its earthly surroundings. With all its unquestionable excellences, there was a fatal flaw in the Rugby training under the Arnold régime. In many cases—and these cases necessarily the most important—it had a tendency to over-stimulate the moral sense. It sent boys out into the world with a dangerously premature moral equipment; an education that yielded a good deal of dogmatic brain-force, but at the sacrifice of intellectual accuracy and the finer moral discriminations. An old head upon young shoulders is a doubtful blessing in any case; but when it takes the special form of an adult faith grafted on a spiritual anatomy whose bones are set not yet, there is no doubt in the matter. With the great majority of strong natures, it is simply the best conceivable arrangement for ultimate moral shipwreck. Not the most carefully administered education, accompanied by the utmost solicitude of parents, can ever take that highest part of every man's education out of the hands of his Maker. Father or mother or teacher may in some measure mould the outward frame, but God alone can breathe

into its nostrils the breath of life, and make such an education a living thing. Clough (who by the inherent tendency of his nature would have been a seeker after God, had he had no higher advantages than a heathen) has always seemed to us to have been the victim of a premature moral development. He came from Rugby with the Arnold mint-marks fresh and strong upon him, with his mind fully made up, and an amiable determination to do battle, if need be, for all the theories of his worthy master. But man proposes, God disposes. A moral influence was lying in wait for him that he had never taken into account, and which proved to be the turning-point of his life. When he went into residence at Oxford in 1836, the Tractarian movement was at its height. Newman was, stretching out, through pulpit and platform, through verse and prose, those subtle prehensile tentacles of his, that touched so softly, and yet have closed so firmly, upon modern thought. It was an atmosphere Clough had never breathed before, and it proved too much for his tender years. Speaking of it afterwards, he says that for a long time he was "like a straw drawn up the draught of a chimney."

The fierce struggle he passed through can never be altogether known, and is only shadowed here and there in his poems, and a few chance exclamations in his correspondence; but of the severity of it there can be no doubt. His mind was not altogether unhorsed—he had too firm a seat for that—but he may be said to have lost his stirrups, and never again to have recovered them until the harrowing interregnum that dates between doubt and well-assured belief had done its work upon him, and worn him down to the brink of the grave. Torture like his turns the confident cant of your easy-minded believer into something that almost approaches blasphemy.

All that he suffered in that pitiless purgatory will never be revealed—that valley of the shadow of death, so thickly strewn with the bones of the spiritually dead, by what inscrutable decree of Providence we know not; but that all was borne without a murmur, and with a rare humility and integrity, his life is a sufficient guarantee. With all his doubts and difficulties, we should be inclined to question the catholicity of the Church that refused to extend to him the invitation of Laban, "*Come in, thou blessed of the Lord: why standest thou without?*"

But for the fate that brought him so

directly under the wheels of the Tractarian movement, he might have been living yet; and few, who have paid his works any attention, will doubt but that he would have been one of the greatest of living men. That this unfortunate interruption and harassing mental conflict fatally interfered with his æsthetic development as a successful poet, is very abundantly proved by nearly all the poetry he has written. He carried his doubts about him by force of habit, and not least doubted his own powers, and the quality of his own productions. His doubts to him indeed

Were traitors,
And made him lose the good he might have
won,
By fearing to attempt.

He kept his most important poem, the "Amours de Voyage," in MS. beside him for nine years, and only published it at last in a kind of modestly furtive way in an American periodical—the "Atlantic Monthly." His doubt seemed to find him out and to hunt him to cover whenever and wherever he ventured out. He could not escape it. There was nothing left for him, but in his own melancholy words, "to pace the sad confusion through." Baffled and tempest-tost by conflicting opinions, he exclaims in one of his poems:—

O may we for assurance sake
Some arbitrary judgment take,
And wilfully pronounce it true.

We almost wish he could have done so, even at some little intellectual sacrifice. But that was just the thing he could not do. He was too keenly suspicious of his intellectual life. With him there was no deeper form of dishonesty than that which shrinks from its own conviction. There never was a character more spotlessly free from anything even approaching compromise in this respect. His intellectual honesty was without a flaw. Everything went down before his convictions—his living at Oxford (it should not be forgot that in his position pecuniary sacrifice meant poverty), and with it in many men's eyes, his social status as well. And last, what to him was of far more value than these, the confidence of his dearest friends, and at the head of the list Arnold himself. Happiness, health, all went; and in their place, to use a phrase of his own, came "spiritual vertigo and megrims unutterable," and loneliness and misery. Everything his conscience

required of him was paid down to the last farthing. All was given away, till only his great unrooted honesty remained to him. Religion would indeed be a rhapsody of words if in such a case a man could not spend his life and yet in the highest sense possess it. *Whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it.* It is a beautiful belief, and it never was beat out into the metal of actual hard fact with a sublimer self-denial than in the life of Clough.

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ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE.
BY WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

On the north side of the High Street of Edinburgh, opposite the cross, there was, in the early years of the present century, a plain-looking shop without any exterior show. The door was up three or four steps from the pavement, and on each side was a window with small panes. The interior was rather gloomy, for the roof was low; and in the rear, seen as in a kind of vista, there was a long warehouse, with tables, which, on certain days every quarter, were laden with the blue and yellow covered periodical, the well-known *Edinburgh Review*. There was a decorous though bustling air about the shop-lads; decent middle-aged clerks sat poring over ledgers at desks near the windows; mingling with the ordinary concourse of customers, might occasionally be seen learned and lawyer-looking personages in black coats, dropping in from the street, and making their way to an inner room, where sat the presiding genius—Archibald Constable, a round-faced portly man of gentlemanly aspect, who had, some years previously, gained distinction as the leading publisher in Scotland. Such is exactly what I remember, when, at my start in life as an apprentice, I was sent on business errands to Constable's in 1814.

Like other boys brought up for "the trade," I always felt a certain degree of awe in visiting this august temple of literature. It was imposing in its dinginess and wholesale arrangements, and to a youth it became peculiarly impressive on the issue of *Waverley*, in three volumes, when time after time I was despatched to procure fresh quantities to meet an insatiable public demand. As a humble behind-backs member of the bibliopolic pro-

fession, I could not but feel the importance of "doing business" at this marvelous emporium. In the way of maternal admonition, I had again and again been reminded that I could do no better than follow the example of Archibald Constable, who, at one time, had been as poor and friendless as I was—and now see what he has come to!

Only now, after a lapse of sixty years, has the story of Constable's life and what he did for literature been fully told. The narrative is from the pen of one of his sons, Mr. Thomas Constable, who does merited justice to his father's memory. To us, the work corroborates recollections of a long past period. All we can do here, however, is to offer a few of the more interesting circumstances, blended with such remarks as may incidentally occur. It is now exactly a hundred years since Archibald Constable was born at Carnbee in Fife, where his progenitors for a time had been decent and intelligent farmers. He might probably have continued the family in the same profession, but for the fact of a person from Edinburgh having set up as a bookbinder in the small town of Pittenweem. The sight of the bookbinder's shop and its modest exhibition of literary wares, suggested to young Constable the idea of being a bookseller. To enter himself to this profession in the little sea-side town was out of the question. The father, desirous of promoting his son's wishes, wrote to his correspondent in Edinburgh, Mrs. Eagle, a respectable widow lady, who carried on the business of a seed-merchant. Through her friendly interference, the youth was engaged as an apprentice to Peter Hill, who was about to begin as a bookseller in the Parliament Close.

There is a traditionary episode not to be omitted. Mrs. Eagle could not conveniently conduct the lad on his arrival to Mr. Hill, but put him in charge of her youngest apprentice, Alexander Henderson, son of the gardener at Cringletie, in Peeblesshire, who had been only about a month in town. The circumstance led to a life-long intimacy between the two young men, both of whom made some figure in the world. Henderson diligently fought his way on, married the daughter of Mrs. Eagle, became a noted seed-merchant, and was elected Lord Provost of Edinburgh. As for Constable, he commenced his career, February 1788. He says in an autobiographic sketch: "Mr. Hill commanded an excellent business. I lived in the house with him, and

he was a kind and indulgent master. I passed six years very happily as an apprentice, and another as a clerk, receiving in the last year thirty pounds of salary. Mr. Hill's shop was frequented by the most respectable persons in Edinburgh. Burns the poet when in town was a frequent visitor; the distinguished professors and clergy, and the most remarkable strangers. I remember Captain Grose making frequent visits, and my conducting him to the Advocates' Library. Mr. Hill did not remain long in the Parliament Close, but removed about the year 1790 to the shop at the cross," south side of the High Street.

Throughout his apprenticeship, young Constable devoted his entire attention to learning his business; attended book auctions, read catalogues, and embraced every opportunity of making himself acquainted with books. This knowledge was considerably augmented by having to make a catalogue of old and valuable books which the Earl of Moray had given to Hill in exchange for modern publications. Other work of the same kind followed, and ultimately he became so proficient in the character and value of old books as to give him a bias towards this branch of the trade. When his apprenticeship came to a close in 1794, he remained, as he tells us, another year with Mr. Hill in the capacity of clerk. During this additional year, he became acquainted with a young lady, Mary Willison, daughter of David Willison, a noted printer, whose office, down one of the dingy old closes, he had frequently visited. It was scarcely prudent for the young bookseller to fall desperately in love, while still unsettled in life; Constable, however, attributed much of his success to his attachment to Mary Willison. Her father having taken a liking for Constable, did not object to the marriage, which took place in January 1795. The alliance was fortunate, for, as a printer, Willison could be of service to one destined to pursue the profession of a publisher.

Constable began business on his own account in 1795. Previous to settling down, he visited London, and, by introductions, made the acquaintance of Cadell, Longman, the Robinsons, and other eminent publishers. He also picked up a good many old books in London to furnish his shop in Edinburgh; his stock being increased by lots purchased from gentlemen in Fife and Perth shires. Thus provided, he set up in those premises at the cross already referred to.

Having pitched himself in the midst of booksellers, he distinguished his place of business, by inscribing over the door, "Scarce old Books," which was quizzed by some of his brethren and neighbours as "Scarce o' Books,"—a joke which he did not mind. His success in business far exceeded his expectations; his shop becoming a place of daily resort for book-collectors and others. At this time and for twenty years later, booksellers' shops about the cross were places of daily lounge for all who aspired to literary tastes, and had some leisure to spare on gossip about things in general. These shops answered the purpose of clubs. A lounge with little to do, would probably spend an hour or so with Creech, who, on fine days, held a kind of conclave on the steps to his door, his bald head covered with a nicely powdered wig; next, he would drop in at Hill's, or Constable's, or Bell and Bradfute's, or at the shop of Mannors and Miller—a resort more remarkable, however, for wits, female literati, and we might add, people of a musical turn; for "Bobby Miller," one of the partners (a bland bulky man, dressed in nankeen breeches and white stockings, as if ever ready to go out to dinner, or to take a hand at whist), sang beautifully, and had a strong *clientèle* of musical admirers. A pleasant way of spending existence was that lounging about book-shops, to which the keepers of these establishments had no objection; for in these days things were taken very easily. The fact is stated in the Life of Constable, which we were already quite aware of, that in their mutual dealings the Edinburgh booksellers seldom settled accounts with actual coin. Bills played a considerable part in their dealings. A good deal was also done in the way of barter. At periodical settlements, balances such as seven pounds fifteen shillings and sixpence would be paid off by copies of Cook's *Voyages*, Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*, or some other work of which the debtor happened to have a redundancy—the transaction being always comfortably adjusted at Johnnie Dowie's, John's Coffee-house, or some such-like cosy tavern in the Old Town.

The hangers-on at Constable's were usually of an enlightened superior order, such as wealthy country lairds on the scent for curious old books, town clergymen, professors in the university, lawyers in high practice, antiquaries, and artists. From this circumstance, as well

as from his enlarged views and liberal dealing, Constable became the publisher of the *Farmer's Magazine*, the *Scots Magazine*, and certain *Medical and Philosophical Journals*. With these beginnings, he was appropriately selected by Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, John Archibald Murray, Francis Horner, and others of the set, to be the publisher of the *Edinburgh Review*, the first number of which appeared on the 10th of October 1802. Willison was, of course, the printer; and at his office in Craig's Close, it was customary, for sake of *incognito*, to meet to consider articles and settle on the conducting of the work. The success of the Review, which was immediate and complete, may be said to have been chiefly due to two things—the ability of the writers, and the liberal payment per sheet by the publisher. For a time, the *Edinburgh* carried all before it; in fact, had the field to itself, until the appearance of the *Quarterly* in 1809.

Getting deeply into the publishing line, Constable gradually dropped the old book-trade. Seemingly with a view to bringing capital into the concern, he took Mr. Hunter into partnership, which subsisted for seven years. Hunter was not bred a bookseller. He was a man of literary tastes, and being son of Hunter of Blackness, he possessed a high social standing. Perhaps so much the worse. Like many others at the time, he was a good deal of a *bon-vivant*, a quality which by no means leads to success in business. On an occasion of Longman making an excursion with him in Forfarshire in 1803, he astonished and half-killed the London publisher with drinking-bouts at gentlemen's houses. In a letter to Constable, Hunter moralizes on the incapacity of his companion to stand this style of living. "These Englishers will never do in our country: they eat a great deal too much, and drink too little; the consequence is, their stomachs give way, and they are knocked up, of course." Three years later, he took Murray of London on a similar expedition, and in the same way nearly finished him. The carouse was at Brechin castle, and is described as being "dreadful." He pities Murray, but says, "he has himself principally to blame, having been so rash as to throw out a challenge to the Scots."

What a record of past manners! Constable did not relish intelligence of this kind, and we can see that Hunter, with some fair abilities, was a drag on the concern. An attempt was made in 1809 to

set up a branch of the business in London; but the representative in charge, named Park, died, and the attempt being abandoned, the firm fell back on commission agencies. Hunter died suddenly in 1811. According to the narrative before us, he appears to have made a safe investment as a partner. "He advanced originally in 1804, L.2500; in 1811 he had drawn that sum and about L.4000 besides—consequently, with the L.17,000 paid to him [share of capital stock at his decease, possibly], he gained fully L.21,000 by being A. C.'s partner." In other words, for the miserable input of L.2500, Constable gave away L.21,000, for which, as far as we can see, he received no substantial benefit. His next partner was a Mr. Cathcart, who took Hunter's share in the concern, introducing at the same time Mr. Robert Cadell, as a member of the new contract. At this time, according to an abstract of accounts, the assets of the firm amounted to L.104,000, from which had to be deducted debts amounting to L.54,000, leaving a clear balance of about L.50,000—a good sum to have been realized in sixteen years, after paying all expenses, and living in a comfortable style. There was, however, an awkward item in the state of affairs: In the debts due by the firm was comprehended the sum of L.33,000 of bills, by which it is seen that, even at this time, the business was largely carried on by a system of credit.

Perhaps Constable could not have reached the climax he did by the slower and more safe system of ready-money dealings. He had already formed an intimacy, if not business connection, with the notabilities of literature, and constituted the Scottish capital an eminent publishing centre. The best literary property going fell in his way. Until his time, the publishing business in Edinburgh had for the most part been conducted in a narrow scraping manner. The most enterprising in the trade was Charles Elliot (father-in-law of the late John Murray of Albemarle Street), who removed with his business to London. Creech, on the contrary, was to the last degree mean in his dealings, of which a painful instance occurred in his settlement with Burns for the first complete edition of his works.

Archibald Constable appeared on the scene as a revolutionist in the profession. For a time he "had the ball at his foot," was the head publisher in Scotland and courted by London publishers for a

share in the "good things" he had secured. The happiest period of his life was perhaps about 1810, when things were in a flourishing state without any serious alloy, at which time he lived in a pleasant suburban retreat at Craigcrook, along with his rising family; shewing hospitality to distinguished men of letters who travelled so far northward. What happiness is sometimes diffused in a dwelling by the presence of a kindly-natured maiden aunt! It was the fate of the family at Craigcrook to be so cheered, by Miss Jean Willison, sister of Mrs. Constable, and who was familiarly known as "Auntie Jean." In her youth, she had been sent to France for her education, and there she became the admired of a young French gentleman, who, in token of his affection, presented her with a box of bonbons. Jean was too good a daughter to marry without her father's approval, and the Frenchman was left to sigh in vain. An end was abruptly put to the affair, by the outbreak of the war with England. Jean fled, and got home in safety. What became of the forlorn wooer we are not told. Jean's feelings, however, had been touched. She treasured the box of bonbons, at the bottom of which she found a ring. This sad memorial of hopes now forever vanished, she put on her finger, and listening to no other lover, devoted herself to the duty of a ministering angel in the family of her sister. Latterly, in her old days, Auntie Jean became a little eccentric, and somewhat deaf. When dying, she said confidently: "If I should be spared to be taken away, I hope my nephew will get the doctor to open my head, and see if anything can be done for my hearing!" In this wavering state of mind, the gentle being passed away to her rest. Auntie Jean's ring, as it ought to be, is still preserved as a family relic.

The abstraction of capital by the death of Hunter was a misfortune to the firm, compensated by a reinvigoration from Cathcart; but this new partner did not long survive. He died in 1812. The heavy draught made on the concern by this event, occurred about the time that the *Encyclopædia Britannica* was purchased, when heavy charges were undertaken in connection with that voluminous work. From this period, we trace a downhill financial course. Bills were not only given in discharge of regular business obligations, but put copiously in circulation to raise capital from bankers and money-brokers. In short, a sys-

tem of accommodation bills became a chronic disease in the concern. Never was there a more conspicuous instance of an estimable tradesman being led on to ruin for want of a primary resolution not to launch beyond his depth. This he lived to see and mourn over, but without the means of retrieval. Looking to Constable's breadth of views, his liberal treatment of authors, and the general success of his undertakings, as well as to his upright character, and kindness of disposition, one feels regret that he should have suffered from entanglements leading to financial disaster. In his career he may be said to have exemplified the truth that friends are sometimes to be more dreaded than enemies. Some of his books were printed by James Ballantyne, who, at the beginning of the century, had been attracted from Kelso to Edinburgh, and shewed a taste in execution which now raises some surprise, considering the imperfect mechanism on which the printing-trade had still to rely. Scott, who had known Ballantyne at school, took an interest in his progress, and, as is well known, actually, though not ostensibly, became a partner in the firm of James Ballantyne and Company, printers. There thus arose a queer, scarcely definable, connection between Walter Scott, James Ballantyne and his brother John, and Archibald Constable and Company. A whole volume would be required to describe how the Ballantynes drew on Constable and Company; how they in return drew on the Ballantynes; and how Scott drew on both to raise money to pay for Abbotsford. The complication was tremendous. Then, there arose a fresh and worse complication in the bill-transactions between Constable and Company, and Hurst, Robinson, and Company, publishers in London, through whose shortcomings ultimately came the general *coup-de-grâce*.

Constable had published some of Walter Scott's earlier productions, and nothing was more natural than that he should have been asked to issue *Waverley*. On seeing a portion of the work, he offered seven hundred pounds for the copyright, which was not accepted, and this, the first of the famous novels, was published on a division of profits. Of a number which followed in rapid succession, Constable and Company became the proprietors, and considering the prodigious sale of these matchless fictions, one would think that here alone was a bounteous fortune. So there would have

been, but for those wretched financial complications already adverted to, and more particularly for the heavy demands for prepayment by Scott, whose necessities were so great on the score of his Abbotsford purchase, that he habitually used up the money for copyrights before the works were written. Constable might doubtless have refused to enter into these wild transactions, but at the loss of an author the most prolific and most prized of his age. As an example of the kind of dealings pursued, take the following, which occurs in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*: "Before the *Fortunes of Nigel* issued from the press, Scott had exchanged instruments, and received his bookseller's bills for no less than four 'works of fiction'—not one of them otherwise described in the deed of agreement—to be produced in unbroken succession, each of them to fill at least three volumes, but with proper saving clauses as to increase of copy-money in case any of them should run to four."

Lockhart, in making this candid statement, has written in an unworthy spirit of Constable in relation to Scott's affairs, in some instances disingenuously suppressing the truth, while evidently Sir Walter Scott was himself far from blameless. Nor must it be forgotten that Constable did good service in causing books to be written which would probably never otherwise have existed. In a letter to him, March 23, 1822, Sir Walter says: "They talk of a farmer making two blades of grass grow where one grew before, but you, my good friend, have made a dozen volumes where probably but one would have existed; for the love of fame is soon satiated; and besides, a man who is fond of it turns timid and afraid of indulging it; but I should like to see who is insensible to the solid comfort of eight thousand pounds a year, especially if he buys land, builds, and improves." To the enterprise of Archibald Constable, we are therefore unquestionably indebted for the existence of a number of the *Waverley* novels. So far, at least, he was a national benefactor.

The three volumes composing the Memoir of Constable by his son, abound in correspondence with authors of celebrity at the beginning of the present century and others, that cannot fail to be read by all interested in the history of English literature. Among the immense heaps of letters is seen one by Robert Chambers to Mr. Constable, in 1822, fervently thanking him for having introduced him

to Sir Walter Scott. At this time Robert was only twenty years of age, and in the midst of his early struggles. The intimacy he formed with Constable led to other letters, one of them having reference to the *Traditions of Edinburgh*, of which a somewhat too large second edition had been printed. On this subject, at the request of my brother, I called on Mr. Constable, in 1825, at his premises, No. 1 Princes Street, to which his business had not long previously been removed. As in the case of every one else, I was courteously received. The interview between the smallest and the greatest of publishers was as interesting as it was memorable to one of the parties. I was advised to send a superfluous portion of the edition to Hurst, Robinson, and Company, who, at his recommendation, would do the best they could for the work. Adopting the friendly advice, I had afterwards reason to fear the propriety of the step; went to London, and settled the matter—this my first visit to the metropolis happening to bring about an intimacy which gave a colour to my future existence.

At the time I thus intruded on the great Scottish publisher, a dismal fate was impending over his affairs. To the eye of the world, he was still supreme, an object of envy. In a few months later, as shown by the work of his son, the difficulties of the firm were appalling. Robert Cadell, whose clear views and business tact were invaluable, disclosed this painful state of matters, in a letter to Constable, then in London, 10th January 1826. He says: "We must have fifty thousand pounds, less will do no good whatever; indeed, forty thousand pounds would be required soon; but without the first, we could not manage to get over our present difficulties, and even then with a great strain." The attempt to raise such a sum was hopeless. The results of the mad speculations of 1825 had burst like a storm on the financial world. Bankers would barely look at bills. The end had come. Archibald Constable and Company, and the firms connected with them, came down with a crash, sending a shiver through the realms of paper and print. Sir Walter Scott came in for his share of the general ruin. How he supported the loss, and how he honourably devoted himself to the task of paying off his obligations, is it not known to history?

This was a terrible downcome to poor

Constable, now advanced in life, and stripped of everything by creditors. His eldest son, David, to whose interesting story a chapter of his brother's work is devoted, was bred as a bookseller, in the hope of furthering the business; but he subsequently went to the Bar, and could give no help. He had inherited the printing business of his grandfather, David Willison, and was unhappily involved in the family misfortune. The sad reverses preyed on his mind, and he died in partial seclusion many years afterwards (1866). Archibald Constable had some comfort in his family. His first wife died in 1814, but in 1818 he effected a second marriage, and there was a family of sons and daughters, anxious to soothe his declining years. All his old friends rallied about him. A career of literary adventure had still some charms. *Constable's Miscellany*, a collection of cheap popular works, which he had two or three years ago projected, was set on foot, and met with an encouraging approval. It was a noble but dying effort. A life of unwearied exertion, along with bad health, had worn out his frame. The closing scene is pathetically described by his son. He tranquilly died, 21st July 1827.

Archibald Constable aimed at and unquestionably deserved a better fate. The literary property belonging to his firm at the final catastrophe was more than sufficient in value to have covered all the debts with which it could be chargeable. What was needed was a temporary readjustment. But the times were out of joint, and everything was sacrificed. The harvest sown by Constable was reaped, and is still being reaped, by others to whom his property drifted. The *Edinburgh Review* became the entire property of Longman and Company; the *Encyclopædia Britannica* was purchased by Adam and Charles Black; and to this last-named and respectable firm, at the price of twenty-five thousand pounds, fell the *Waverley Novels*, after a splendid fortune of more than a hundred thousand pounds had been skilfully wrung from them by Robert Cadell—and which novels, even now, after sixty years have elapsed since the first was issued, are as popular as ever. The moral to be drawn from a biography so instructive and so mournful as that of Archibald Constable, is too obvious to need any special reference.

From the Saturday Review.
THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.*

THIS little volume — "brief memoir," as the author calls it — is a *réchauffé*, with some new ingredients, of an article in the *Quarterly Review* of January 1873, bearing the title "Unpublished Letters of the Princess Charlotte." It was not stated in the *Quarterly* to whom the letters were addressed, but Lady Rose Weigall, having now revealed herself as the writer of the article, says that they were addressed to her mother, the late Countess of Westmoreland, who, as a girl, Miss Wellesley, was companion and playmate of the young Princess Charlotte, and who became the Princess's most intimate and confidential friend. The letters begin in 1813, after Miss Wellesley had married Lord Burghersh, and the last was written within a few days of the Princess's sad and untimely death. The new ingredients in the volume are materials supplied by Her Majesty (what, is not stated), a series of letters from 1798 to 1804 written by the Princess's aunt, the Queen of Wurtemberg, to Lady Elgin, the Princess's governess, and also letters of Miss Hayman, who was the Princess's sub-governess for a few months in 1797 when the Princess was only in her second year, and who was afterwards in the service of the Princess of Wales.

The unhappy marriage of the future George IV. with Princess Caroline of Brunswick doomed the Princess Charlotte, their offspring, to misery from her cradle. The parents were formally separated very soon after the birth of the Princess, which was at Carlton House, on January 7, 1796. The Princess of Wales was to retain her apartments at Carlton House, with free access to the infant. Lady Elgin, as governess, was at the head of the nursery establishment, and superintended everything; she was the medium of communication between the Prince and Princess. The Princess of Wales had a villa at Charlton, near Blackheath, but came constantly to see her daughter:

In these early days — the summer of 1797 — the Princess of Wales was constantly backwards and forwards between Charlton and Carlton House, coming most days to play with her daughter, either in Miss Hayman's room or in the nursery; but never encountering or holding any sort of communication with the Prince, who, on his part, avoided the

nursery, most likely through fear of meeting her.

The Prince, having the child in the same house with him, saw very little of her. Miss Hayman writes, June 7, 1797: —

The Prince's time for seeing the child is when dressing, or at breakfast. . . . He has not been up here, having dropped that custom many months, nor has he sent for the child or seen it since the birthday, but he was some days out of town. I do not often know whether he is at home or abroad.

Here is an amusing extract from a letter of Miss Hayman, of the same year, telling how the child in her second year mimicked Canning: —

Princess Charlotte is very delightful, and tears her caps with showing me how Mr. Canning takes off his hat to her as he rides in the Park, and I hold her up at the summer-house window.

In 1704, when the Princess was eight years old, Lady Elgin resigned her post, and was succeeded by Lady de Clifford. About this time the Prince of Wales proposed to place the education of the Princess under the control of his father, George III., who upheld the cause of the Princess of Wales and doted on the Princess Charlotte. The young Princess was now sent to Windsor to be under the eye of the King. The Prince of Wales, caring nothing himself about seeing his daughter, was very jealous of her intercourse with her mother, and visits from and to the mother were made rare. The father of the Princess of Wales, the Duke of Brunswick, lost his life at Jena, in 1806, and her mother then came to live in England, and settled herself near her daughter at Blackheath. It was then arranged that the Princess Charlotte should go once a week, on Saturdays, to the house of the Duchess of Brunswick, and there see her mother. The Princess of Wales thus wrote to Miss Hayman in a letter of 1807: —

On Saturdays my daughter comes at three o'clock to dine with my mother, when company is always asked to meet her, consisting of old and steady people. At four o'clock I appear; at six Charlotte leaves us.

These short Saturday visits to her mother were the chief, if not the sole, enjoyments of the child's existence. She loved her mother. "It is quite charming," wrote George III., February 15, 1805, "to see the Princess and her child together." In 1811 George III.'s insanity and the Regency of the Prince of Wales affected the

* *A Brief Memoir of the Princess Charlotte of Wales; with Selections from her Correspondence and other Unpublished Papers.* By the Lady Rose Weigall. London: John Murray. 1874.

Princess Charlotte's position for the worse. The King had sympathized with the two Princesses, mother and daughter; the Queen's feelings were the other way. She leaned to the Prince of Wales. The young Princess's life became harder and gloomier. We quote from Lady Rose Weigall:—

A main part of this pernicious policy was to keep the young Princess secluded from the world. The Regent had reason to fear that her appearance in public would give a fresh stimulus to the widespread feeling in favour of herself and her mother, and render him proportionately more unpopular. He was further bent upon avoiding everything which could look like a recognition of her as the heir-presumptive to the Crown, probably hoping that by the death of his wife, or by a divorce, he might hereafter have a son through a second marriage, and shut out the daughter of his detested consort from the throne. . . . The Princess Charlotte was regarded as a rival to be suppressed, rather than as a future sovereign who was to be trained for her imperial office. Past fifteen at the commencement of the Regency, and precocious of her age, she, on her side, was fully alive to the importance of her position, and to the determination of her father to ignore it. The attempt to deprive her of her privileges rendered her trebly tenacious of them, and, apart from the desire to assert her rights, there were times when she had the eager longing of a girl to break loose from her gloomy bondage, and taste the pleasures, magnified by imagination, of society in its pomp.

When the Princess was nearly seventeen, Lady de Clifford retired from her post of governess, and was succeeded by the Duchess of Leeds. On Lady de Clifford's retirement, the Princess had hoped that a change might be made in her establishment, that she might be allowed a "Lady of the Bedchamber," instead of being continued under a "governess," and that she might be allowed to "come out." She wrote to her father requesting these things. The letter made him furious; he immediately posted down to Windsor, taking the Lord Chancellor (Eldon) with him; and there, in the presence of the Queen and his sister Princesses, the Regent and the Chancellor scolded the Princess "for the enormity of her demands, pretty much as a couple of angry nurses might scold a child of four years old." So writes Lady Rose Weigall. Miss Knight, who now became sub-governess, has in her "Autobiography" given the following account of Lord Chancellor Eldon's lecture:—

Before her Majesty, Princess Mary, and

Lady de Clifford, in a very rough manner, the learned Lord expounded the law of England as not affording her Royal Highness what she demanded; and on the Prince's asking what he would have done as a father, he is said to have answered, "If she had been my daughter, I would have locked her up." Princess Charlotte heard this with great dignity, and answered not a word; but she afterwards went into the room of one of her aunts, burst into tears, and exclaimed, "What would the King say if he could know that his granddaughter had been compared to the granddaughter of a collier!"—Miss Knight's *Autobiography*, vol. i. p. 184.

Lady Rose Weigall relates the same incident less circumstantially:—

Princess Charlotte, with all her impulsiveness, had the self-command to remain silent under the storm of abuse. It was not till she reached her own room that she burst into tears, and broke out into complaints of the indignity put upon her by her father, who, not content with rating her himself, had brought the Lord Chancellor to back him up, and suffered him to address her in unmeasured language. Always zealous to propitiate the reigning power, Lord Eldon forgot the decorum which was due to a lady, let alone the respect which was due to the heir-presumptive to the throne.

The Prince Regent moved his daughter from Windsor to London, and established her at Warwick House, close to Carlton House, and immediately under his eye. She was permitted to continue visits to her mother, now living at Kensington, but orders were given to her attendants never to leave her alone with her mother. In December 1813, just as the Princess was reaching the completion of her eighteenth year, her father made up a match for her with the hereditary Prince of Orange. His object was to get his daughter out of England. The Princess wrote to Lady Burghersh, about the middle of December, telling how she had been hurried into an engagement; and, in her unhappy position, no wonder that she hurriedly caught at a chance of emancipation from her father:—

On Friday night the Prince of Orange arrived in England; the Prince (Regent) wished excessively I should see him, which I agreed to. On Sunday evening I dined at Carlton House to meet him with a small party—the Castlereaghs, Liverpools, Lord Bathurst, two Fagels, besides the Duchess of Leeds, and myself and the Duke of Clarence. During the evening I was called out to say what I thought of him, and, in short, to decide in his favour or not, on so short an acquaintance. However, I decided, and in his favour; we are *fiancé*, or *promis*, therefore, on his return from

Holland. I confess I was more agitated than I can express at the whole proceeding. The Prince was so much affected himself, but so happy, that it has quite appeared to me since like a dream! He was with me Monday and yesterday, when I took leave of him, as he is off to-day for Holland, and will not be able to return before spring. He thinks about April, when he will go to Berlin and bring over his family here for a short time. He told me yesterday what has cut me to the heart nearly, that he *expected* and *wished* me to go abroad with him afterwards to Holland, but that I should have a home here and there, and be constantly coming backwards and forwards; that he wished me to go to Berlin, and travel in different parts of Germany. He was all kindness, I must say; at the same time, as he told me, it should never prevent my seeing and having my friends with me as much as ever I liked; that he should be happy if they would all go with me, or else come and see me; his *anxious wish*, I must say, is to do what I like as much as possible to make me happy, and study everything that can make me so.

By a refinement of cruelty the Princess was ordered not to tell her mother of her engagement. She wrote to Lady Burghersh, February 14, two months after it:

I was allowed to go to Connaught Place [her mother's house] on the 7th of last month [her birthday], but not to dine there. My birthday was kept quietly at home, and, except for a few *cadeaux*, totally neglected. I thought she [her mother] looked ill and grown thin, and her spirits wretchedly bad: since then I have not been. The interdict as to my informing her has not been taken off; but I have broken through it, as I could not endure her being *the last* to be told of what so nearly affected her child. I wrote the other day to her, and her answer was *better* than I had hoped to receive, as I happen to know, *from the best authority*, that she did not like it. It was short, and very good-natured to me. That is over. . . .

A week afterwards the interdict was removed; but, as we have seen, the Princess's filial instinct had anticipated the permission to tell her mother. She wrote to her friend, February 26:—

The interdict has at last been taken off my tongue. Lord Liverpool was with me the other day, to say I might now write and inform the Princess of it, as it was no longer to be kept secret, and it would be strange if she were not the first informed of it. Indeed, Lord Clancarty, at the Hague, had orders to send over a person of high rank to ask me for the Hereditary, and as he was either on his way or soon would be, I might tell it to whom I liked; and as to all future arrangements, I should be informed of them hereafter. As you may believe and suppose, from the moment it was talked of here so universally I could not, in

delicacy of feeling, keep it from my mother, and therefore what I wrote afterwards in consequence of this permission, was *for form's sake*. It went off better than I expected, for I had both a kind and good-humoured letter on it, which I communicated to higher powers [her father], and in a few days I propose going to see her, which will be proper, as I have not done so since my marriage being announced to her.

Time, which brought reflection, fixed and intensified the determination of the Princess to remain free as to going abroad with the Prince of Orange. As heir to the Dutch throne he would be compelled to live in Holland; she, on the other hand, was heir-presumptive to the throne of England, and conflicting duties might, and probably would, call on her to remain here; and, constitutional questions apart, her heart was in England and with her mother, near whom she wished to stay, and personal feeling and affection were embarked in her resolute advocacy of perfect freedom to decide for herself, after her marriage, as to going abroad with the Prince of Orange. She soon found after her hurried engagement that, though esteeming the Prince, she did not love him; there was therefore no passion to restrain her from pressing what she believed to be a legitimate and proper demand. A long correspondence ensued, which Lady Rose Weigall publishes *in extenso*; the marriage was on the point of being broken off; at last the Prince of Orange's father was called in by the Prince Regent to settle the matter; and it was settled in accordance with the Princess Charlotte's wishes. The Princess had shortly before written the following admirable letter to the Prince of Orange, after receiving a letter from Lord Liverpool, the Prime Minister, refusing to advise the Prince Regent to comply with her wishes:—

Warwick House: Monday, May 9, 1814.

My dear William, — It is with the deepest regret that I have received the enclosed letter from Lord Liverpool, which, unless you have influence enough to make them alter their opinions, puts an end I fear to an alliance I had every reason to expect would have insured my happiness, and which from the very high opinion I shall ever entertain of you, I shall not cease to regret if broken off; and I regret it the more as I feel persuaded that if there had been any inclination to conciliate on the part of Ministers it might have been obviated. I have at least the satisfaction of feeling perfectly sure that it is not owing to either you or myself, this unlooked-for termination. With

every sentiment of regard and friendship, believe me,

CHARLOTTE.

The difficulty as to foreign residence got over, the Princess having entirely her own way, all seemed settled and the marriage a certainty. But discussions and dissensions arose on other matters, and the Princess had not come to love the Prince of Orange. The Prince stood in fear of the Prince Regent and wished to humour him. He did not acquiesce in the Princess's wishes and intentions as to treating her mother as her mother, and ignoring her parents' quarrels. There arose a little trumpety quarrel, on which the Princess finally broke off the match. "The Princess Charlotte," says Lady Rose, "wanted the Prince of Orange to ride with her in the riding-house. He started objections, and she reproached him, till annoyed at her vehemence and pertinacity, he left her to recover her temper. The climax had come, and in the evening she wrote peremptorily to say that their engagement must cease." And so it was. It did cease. The Prince of Orange was taken by surprise, but the Princess was determined.

The Prince Regent was furious at his daughter's conduct, but could not help himself. In anger he appeared at Warwick House, July 12, 1814, and announced to his daughter that all her attendants would be dismissed that evening and replaced by strangers. "The Princess controlled herself while she remained in her father's presence, but the instant she could escape she rushed to her own room, put on her bonnet, ran into the street, hailed a hackney-coach, and drove off to her mother's house in Connaught Place." Lady Rose Weigall proceeds :—

When the Princess Charlotte's flight from Warwick House was discovered, her friend Miss Mercer, who was present and had heard her utter some disjointed exclamation about going to her mother, set off with the Bishop of Salisbury to Connaught Place, and sent back word to inform Miss Knight of the result. The good lady followed with the Princess's maid and some clothes, and found her at dinner with her mother, her mother's lady-in-waiting, and Miss Mercer. Meantime the Regent had called on Lord Liverpool, Lord Eldon, and the Duke of York, and some hours of negotiation ensued at Connaught Place between the envoys of the Regent, and the runaway Princess and her friends. Both sides recommended the Princess to return. She yielded at last to their united opinion, and at two o'clock in the morning was escorted back to Carlton House by the Duke of York, the Lord Chancellor, and the Lord Chief Justice.

Various accounts have been written by the different actors in the scene of what took place. Lord Eldon laconically described her as "kicking and bouncing," but finally giving in. Lord Brougham has left a more melodramatic account of the eloquent appeal by which he persuaded her to go back to her father; and even the contemporary newspaper reports all vary as to details. But the plain narrative of Miss Knight gives the greatest impression of truth, and from her account it would appear that the Princess passed the hours she spent in Connaught Place nearly entirely alone with her mother and the ladies in the Princess of Wales's own room, while the gentlemen came and went below; and the influences to which she yielded were probably the wishes of her mother and the entreaties of Miss Mercer and Miss Knight.

The Princess's life, miserable before, was now made much more so by her father. Nearly two years afterwards she was released from what can only be called a state of duress vile by a marriage of affection with Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. Happiness at last came to her. But it was of brief duration. Every one knows the sad end. In the moment of looked-for joy death came to her: being delivered of a still-born child on March 5, 1817, she died within a few hours afterwards.

Lady Rose Weigall has been fortunate in acquiring excellent materials, and has put them together in a pleasing style, but her "brief memoir" does not go beyond these materials, and has an imperfect and fragmentary character. This is not the only defect in the book. The author permits herself to use unnecessarily strong language in condemnation of the Princess of Wales, and, inspired probably by her mother Lady Westmoreland's feelings, accuses the Whig party of an interested espousal of the cause of that most unfortunate woman, adding that the same political party "would only have been too happy to render it more attractive by linking to it the grievances of the Princess Charlotte with all the interest which attached to her youth, innocence, and regal prospects." Lord Brougham's Autobiography, untrustworthy in many respects, may be relied on for the correspondence which it publishes; and there may be seen ample proof in his correspondence at the time with Earl Grey, Whitbread, and others, of the backwardness of a large part of the Whig party in the case of the Princess of Wales, and of caution and delicacy in handling the grievances of the Princess Charlotte. Lady Rose Weigall treats the "Delicate

Investigation" of 1806 as conclusive condemnation of the Princess of Wales. George III. had written to Lord Eldon in July 1804 that the Princess's "injuries deserve the utmost attention of the King, as her own conduct has proved irreproachable." Lady Rose Weigall pronounces that "her eccentric, reckless behaviour was soon to deprive her of all title to the epithet." Reckless is a strong word for indiscreet, which is the most that can be made out of the qualification by which the Commissioners who conducted the "Delicate Investigation" accompanied their entire acquittal of the Princess on the charges brought against her. The caution administered by these Commissioners did not amount to reproach. The Princess was acquitted of the Douglas charges. Lord Eldon, no chivalrous knight-errant, and Spencer Percival, the purest of men, unflinchingly supported her; and Percival wrote for her her memorable letter to the King on the Commissioners' Report. Lady Rose Weigall speaks of the Princess Charlotte's affection for her mother, "notwithstanding the mother's weakness and vices." The last is a strong word, utterly unjustified as applied to a woman against whom, even at the last and at the worst, crime was "not proven." Men of unimpeachable honour, and women of unsuspected purity, befriending her to the last, in spite of all her undoubted indiscretions. Lady Rose Weigall, who here may have the excuse that she is the Princess Charlotte's biographer, and irresistibly moved as such to take up the cudgels for her under all circumstances, severely blames the Princess of Wales for leaving England and deserting her daughter in 1814. In July 1814 the Princess Charlotte had fled from Warwick House, and from her father's cruelty, to take refuge with her mother in Connaught Place. She was taken the same night, by the advice of her friends and of her father's, to her father's residence at Carlton House; and the Princess of Wales concurred in this advice, and did not endeavour to keep her in her own house. Lady Rose Weigall hereupon writes as follows:—

She [the Princess Charlotte] was acting under an impulse of indignation or alarm in an unforeseen emergency, and probably her calculations did not extend beyond the instinctive notion that her mother's house was her proper sanctuary, and her mother's countenance her surest support. But her expectation of finding sympathy and protection was

destined to meet with no response. The persecution the Princess of Wales had undergone had long deteriorated her character, and ended by hardening her heart. Her affection had gradually been stifled under the overpowering sense of her own wrongs, which filled her mind, and rendered her indifferent to her daughter's welfare. She had recently made up her mind to go abroad, that she might live free from all restraint, and absorbed in her own selfish plans, the last thing she desired was to be mixed up in the dispute between father and daughter. Much as she liked excitement, the sudden apparition of the runaway Princess was anything but welcome to her, and she was quite as anxious to get rid of the fugitive as the Regent could be to recapture her. . . . Her mother's coldness and eagerness to send her back were probably a bitter disappointment to her. She left Connaught Place, as already stated, with the Duke of York, and reached Carlton House just before daybreak. She was not allowed to return to her own rooms in Warwick House, but lodged in Carlton House, and an entirely new set of attendants were placed about her, and she was removed in their charge a few days later to Cranbourn Lodge, in Windsor Park. At the end of the month she had a final interview with her mother to take leave of her before the Princess of Wales' departure from England, and this was the last time they ever saw each other. Princess Charlotte was deeply hurt at her mother's wilfulness in going abroad, perceiving how detrimental this step must be to her, and feeling, no doubt, that it was an ungrateful return for the uncompromising efforts she had made lately on her behalf, efforts which cost much, as the mother was not only sinned against but sinning.

There are surely two modes of interpreting the Princess of Wales's conduct. Could she be insensible to the injury that might ensue to her daughter from her remaining near her? Might she not feel that by going abroad she might even ease her daughter's position? What good at that time could she do for her daughter in England? The daughter had, it is true, with a filial loyalty which deserves no special eulogy, battled with the Prince of Orange for the right of treating her mother as guiltless, and discussions on this point had contributed to the breaking off of the engagement. But these discussions and many acts of the Regent showed that, while the Princess of Wales was within the daughter's reach, the woes of the latter were aggravated and her fate embittered, and the mother might have disinterestedly felt that her absence would be a benefit to the daughter whom she was totally unable to protect. The Princess's departure to the Continent was not approved by many; but it was

advised by Canning and Lord Dudley, two zealous, disinterested, and fearless friends.

From The Spectator.

YOUTH v. AGE.

YOUTH is genius, says Mr. Disraeli, and Dr. Beard of the Medico-Legal Society of New York, appears to agree with him. At least he has sent us a paper, read before that society, apparently with approval, in which he endeavours to defend the thesis that we have all of us an undue reverence for Age, and that though regard should be given to the aged, respect should be paid everywhere, as in America, to Youth, which does all, or nearly all, the work of the world. He holds that the undue respect for age, so marked in the fact that many of the names for governing bodies, such as "Senate," are synonyms for bodies of old men, has arisen mainly from the time it takes most men to become famous, thus producing a confusion in the public mind between the time of effort and the time at which that effort has been recognized by the world. "It may be said of nearly all famous men as it was justly said of Humboldt, that he had the greatest reputation when he least deserved it." The late Mr. Whitty put the matter more clearly, perhaps, when he said in his clever, scandalous, and nearly forgotten novel, "Friends of Bohemia," that power belonging in each generation to the old, and the old having little sympathy with the young, everybody had to wait long for important position; but he did not, as Dr. Beard evidently does, think that the world lost much by that arrangement. Dr. Beard argues boldly not only that almost all successful campaigns have been fought by young Generals, which is partially true, Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Marlborough, and Napoleon outweighing Von Moltke and Radetsky, but that it would be well even to limit the age at which statesmen and judges may work, to elect Presidents and appoint Judges when men are at their highest powers. In fact, he affirms that the brain follows the body in its decay; that intellect, allowing for exceptions, begins to decay at forty, and that we are all in the wrong in insisting on age as a qualification. He has "noted the ages at which philosophers have founded and announced their systems, at which divines and religious

teachers have originated their creeds, and have been most effective as preachers; at which statesmen have unfolded their highest acts of legislation, of diplomacy, and reform; at which men of science have made their greatest discoveries and written their best works; at which Generals and Admirals have gained their greatest victories, and carried on their most successful campaigns; at which lawyers have led the bar, and physicians made their explorations in medicine, and artists have painted their masterpieces; at which musicians have composed and performed their most illustrious creations; at which architects and engineers have planned and executed the greatest monuments to their memories; at which actors and orators have been at the zenith of their power, and at which teachers and professors have led eras in the service of education." From these data, which he has applied by testing all the great names of history, he has deduced the following law, and would act on it, apparently even to the length of expelling from public service all men who are beyond seventy:—

GENERAL RESULTS OF THE INVESTIGATION.

The golden decade is between	30	and	40
The silver	"	"	40 " 50
The brazen	"	"	20 " 30
The iron	"	"	50 " 60
The tin	"	"	60 " 70
The wooden	"	"	70 " 80

Dr. Beard even goes further, and declares that men, besides losing their intellects, become worse, often much worse, as they become older; that they lose their moral enthusiasm, or moral courage, or capacity of resisting temptation and enduring disappointment, and frequently sink into senile debauches. He even tells all his friends over fifty—we are not sure it is not over forty—who happen to remonstrate with him, that "the best of your original, pioneering, radical work is in all probability already accomplished. The chances are tens of thousands to one that you will originate less in the future than you have in the past; for, just as we know by statistics that a man at forty has a certain average expectation of life, so do we know that he has a certain average expectation of original work. There is a chance in many, many thousands that you will live to be a hundred years old; there is about the same chance that you will make some great discovery or invention, or conceive and execute some orgi-

nal production in art or literature. Fame and wealth may come to you far exceeding your wildest dreams, but they will be the result and the reward of the work you have already done, or are now doing. Happiness may augment with years, because of your better external condition; and yet the highest happiness is obtained through work itself, more than through the reward of work." Dr. Beard, as we have said, allows of exceptions, as without them his averages could not be made up, and allows for qualifying circumstances, but fights hard for his general conclusion that, whether we like it or not, age is degeneracy, that the turn towards age begins at forty, and that after that time men may as well give up originating, except in departments essentially creative, like painting, music, or poetry. Titian painted at ninety and the "Paradise Lost" was written when Milton was fifty-nine, but these are no more proofs than Shelley's or Keats's precocity in verse. They do not alter the averages.

We must all grow old, and Dr. Beard's theory is therefore a melancholy one for all men, but we suspect it requires modification far more serious than any he suggests. His argument, for example, as to moral degeneracy is, we imagine, absolutely untrue, except in cases such as the two or three he gives, where the original nature being bad, the controlling will, which alone, as Socrates said of himself, made its owner good, has become paralyzed by some secret decline either of nervous power or of the healthiness of the brain. Mere experience will usually make men better, as it teaches them that pleasure is of little importance, dust and ashes in the mouth; that remorse is very bitter, and that peace of mind is of almost indefinite value; while as to the minor virtues, most people grow more placable with age, more grateful for affection, and less susceptible to the small ambitions which are the root of half the selfishnesses of men. No doubt they very often grow more avaricious, but we suspect that it is not from a growing love of money, but from the one gain age gives all men,—namely, experience. They have learnt to know the value of money only too well. With a large section of mankind, perhaps the largest, one of the most effective of the virtues—though clergymen hardly consider it a virtue—serenity, is never developed till old age appears, yet it sometimes so changes men as to produce an impression of a distinct and most beneficial change of

character. It is, in truth, a result, if the faculties are not seriously impaired, of a particular form of experience, and Dr. Beard's allegations seem to us to depend mainly upon the credit we give to that great acquisition. Is experience, or is it not, a new power, an actual gain which almost compensates for the loss of youth, and even of mature strength? That is undoubtedly the impression of most old men, or at least the impression old men choose to put forward, and in many of the relations of life it must be true. The medical man, for example, may discover nothing after he is forty, but supposing him successful, the mere number of cases he has treated must, by the time he is sixty, have enlarged his power of using his inventions; while as regards statesmen, the mere knowledge of men which accretes to them as time advances, must be of itself almost the equivalent of a new faculty. We exclude, of course, absolutely the faculty, whatever it is, which we call genius, and which, whatever it is, is nearly independent of age; and with that exclusion should say that old men, if retaining their vitality, make, on the whole, the better bishops, the better judges, the better statesmen, and the better soldiers of the two. They are apt, of course, to lose power from an over-contempt for youth, though even this is not true of, say, Mr. Disraeli, who on Dr. Beard's theory is an old man, or of M. Thiers, who is an old man on any theory; but they gain it immensely in experience, with its absence of rashness, and its recognition of all obstacles to success. Dr. Beard will have it that enthusiasm dies with years, but we doubt that, and rather conceive that the expression of it dies, many of the great religious teachers, for instance, and many more philanthropists, maintaining it to the end. They only begin to distrust the philanthropies which are unreal. In fact, Dr. Beard himself, in a rather absurd paragraph on the power of conversation, as one which grows with age, gives up half his own case. "It may be said that thought, like money, is a possession, and accumulates by compound interest. . . . The conversation of old men of ability, before they have passed into the stage of imbecility, is usually richer and more instructive than the conversation of the young; for in conversation we simply distribute the treasures of memory, as a store hoarded during long years of thought and experience. Conversation is, therefore, justly regarded as the lightest form of in-

tellectual labour, and grows easier as we grow older, because we have greater resources to draw from. He who thinks as he converses is a poor companion, as he who must earn his money before he spends any is a poor man. When an aged millionaire makes a liberal donation, it costs him nothing; he but gives out of abundance that has resulted by natural accumulation, from the labours of his youth and middle life. When an old man utters great thoughts, it is not age, but youth that speaks through the lips of age; his ideas which, in their inception and birth, drew heavily on the productive powers of the brain, are refined, revolved, and disseminated almost without effort." Is thought, which, like a possession, accumulates, no source of power, or does Dr. Beard imagine that wealth is most powerful when there is least of it; that the thousand pounds which, as he says truly, it is so difficult to save, can do what the fifty thousand, acquired so much more easily, can effect? In the most important positions of life, what is required of men, even of generals or statesmen, is not action, so much as thought, and the thought of one man may be worth more than the action of a thousand. Experience will not make a Cæsar or an Alexander, but will immensely improve the competence of most men for great positions, and amounts in many cases to a new force, which compensates for declining energy and decaying power of originating new things.

From The Economist.

THE ILLNESS OF PRINCE BISMARCK.

THERE is one extremely vulgar, or at all events unromantic, argument against Cæsarism or personal government of any kind of which we are convinced the world does not take enough account, and that is the liability of the person to fall sick, and sick with disease which does not always betray itself. This has been observed in cases of insanity, and in many despotisms provided against, an insane despot usually dying from some cause which is thenceforward a subject of more or less whispering talk. It is none the less real, however, in cases where it attracts less notice, or is recognized only after life has past. William the Third's manner, which nearly cost him his throne, his chronic peevishness with everybody, was probably the result

of lifelong indigestion, from which he recovered only when unusual physical exertion was required. The eccentricities of Czar Paul, which altered the whole course of history, were undoubtedly due to madness, just as the excessive severity of Czar Nicholas was due to the hereditary hypochondriasis which ultimately made his defeat seem to himself so severe that he died of a "broken heart." The feebleness of will shown by the First Napoleon in the later stages of his career, and his irrational, and as it were cruel, irritability at St. Helena, were due in part at all events to incipient cancer of the stomach—the disease of which he ultimately died—and the pain of which probably explains his use before Waterloo of the strong stimulants found in his carriage. Stone undoubtedly paralyzed the energies of the Third Napoleon during his last campaign, and rendered him incapable of contending against the mad orders which came from Paris—orders against which he protested, and which he undoubtedly, if in full health, would have annulled. And we should not wonder in the least if many of the signs which have marked Prince Bismarck lately—his irritability, his unprovoked but dangerous bitterness of speech, his restlessness about difficulties, and particularly about the Papacy—were due in large measure to an undeveloped fit of gout. That he had a strong or even a dangerous attack of gout upon him lately is quite certain, and all his mental symptoms would in the case of any private person have been set down to "gout in the system," and would not have affected the world at all. As it is, they have added a new bitterness to German relations with France, have made trouble with Russia, and have placed Parliamentary Government in Germany in the greatest jeopardy. Prince Bismarck is so completely the centre of his own system that it appears unable to go on without him, that Parliament will not pass his bills without modifications which destroy their meaning—the ecclesiastical bills excepted—and that the Emperor is constrained to threaten that if his military reform is still opposed, he is ready to repeat his old practice, form his army without the Deputies' consent, and rely in the end on a success under which a law of indemnity would be certain. An attack of gout, in fact, may cost Germany the agreement hitherto intact between her Parliament and her Emperor.

The effect of illness in such cases is

all the more striking, because it finds the world so completely unprepared. Men are in a way prepared for the consequences of a great death. They have always in their own minds reckoned that such and such a death would introduce great changes, have, in mercantile phrase, discounted them, and are ready to reconcile themselves to inevitable consequences. This is true even of deaths like Prim's, the world being well aware that an additional cause of death may and does exist in the case of certain politicians, but the world does not discount sickness, still less sickness unrevealed in bulletins and official reports. It expects health, and is astonished whenever sickness, as must constantly be the case, acts like momentary death, suspending the ordinary action of its victim. It is quite clear, for example, that the German Court and military staff had never reckoned on a sudden failure in the agency through which they act on Parliament, a sudden arrest of that tremendous voice which, among a liberal majority, can carry almost any Conservative vote. In England men are astonished to see how suddenly this one division of the machine has ceased to work, how suddenly the German Parliament has become free, how little any other Minister can do either to awe or to cajole. The German statesmen are compelled in their despair to call on Jupiter to introduce the Emperor himself into the conflict, to the direct injury not only of his Majesty but of his permanent and hitherto most successful scheme of gov-

ernment. They certainly would not have done that without necessity, and that it should be necessary proves how completely personal this part at least of the governing power is. Any other such difficulty would have been met at once by the employment of a subordinate; but Prince Bismarck, as Parliamentary leader, is during sickness irreplaceable, for no man, even if possessed of a genius like his own, could or would display it in an *ad interim* command. His audience would remember that they were not listening to the orator who is all-powerful in the State as well as the Reichstag, but to a speaker whose ideas, however bright, might be overruled next day, or whose menaces, however weighty, might never be fulfilled. *Ad interim* greatness of that kind is not possible, and when, as in Germany, and upon this point, the Government is personal, a fit of gout may bring it to a standstill. There is a whole bench of ministers, fairly competent men, but none of them can do the work the sick man could have accomplished in a day. The pivot of politics in Germany is, not as is so often asserted, Prince Bismarck's life, but that and also the robust health, which may be, and this time we suspect has been, suspended before any but his physicians perceived the danger. If Napoleon had but been healthy three days before Sedan, his son might be reigning in France. That is a platitude; but, then, where is the strength in a system of government which a platitude shows to be unsound?

ONE of the candidates for a constituency is blessed (?) with an outrageously bad temper, and has the faculty for saying unpleasant things in the most unpleasant manner. An amusing story was related of him at one of the election meetings. Six barristers, as a frolic, agreed to dine together, each man inviting the most cantankerous man he knew. Dinner was provided, and of course laid for twelve—but only seven sat down; for each of the six had invited the same individual.

province of Secionda, and mentioned by Sir Samuel Baker as an obstacle to navigation, has been partially removed by the works ordered by the Soudan Government. The river is now navigable up to Kondokaro over a distance of ten and a half degrees. The works for the complete removal of the bank continue.

Nature.

WE learn, from a Reuter's telegram, that the bank, sixty miles in length, formed for a long time past in the White Nile south of the

QUITE a sensation was produced in the last sitting of the Académie des Sciences, by the exhibition of photographs of Spitzbergen scenery, sent by Prof. Nordenskiöld. One of these represented a meteorite nearly 13 tons in weight.